BOSTON IS AFRAID OF BOOKS . . . By William T. Matchett

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY
Jl 28 '44

VOLUME XXVII No. 29 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1944 FIFTEEN CENTS

Ag 8 '44

"WOODROW WILSON"
by Gerald W. Johnson
Reviewed by Edgar G. Sisson

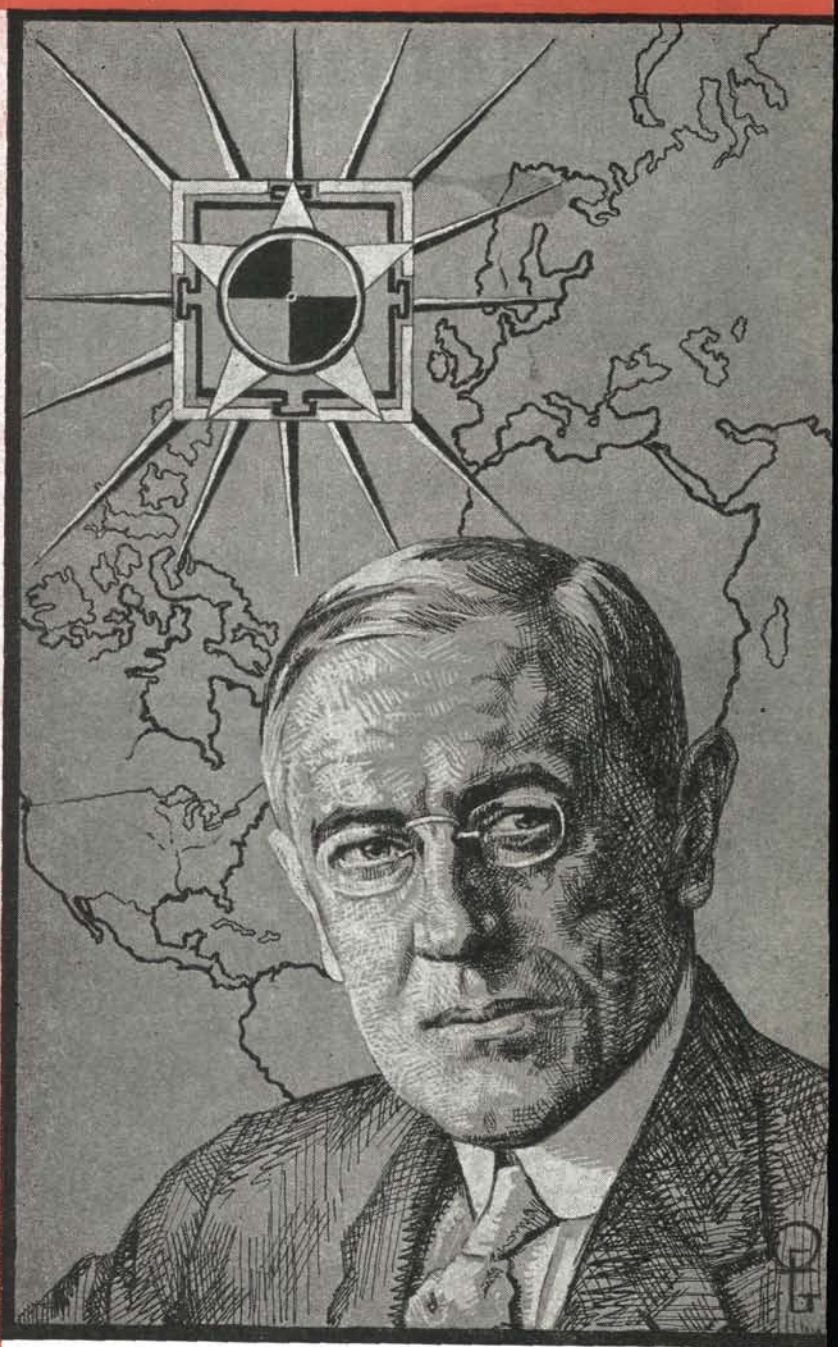
"TRAVELER FROM TOKYO"
by John Morris
Reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe

"THE NAVY'S WAR"
by Fletcher Pratt
Reviewed by Robert G. Albion

"BY SEA AND BY LAND"
by Lieut. Earl Burton, USNR

"THE OFFICIAL GUIDE TO THE ARMY AIR FORCES. AAF"
Reviewed by Brig.-Gen. Donald Armstrong

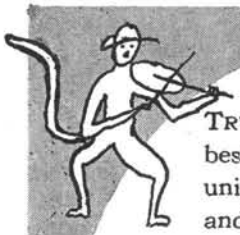
STRICTLY PERSONAL
by Elmer Rice



—*Drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield*

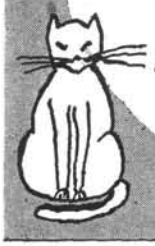
"Woodrow Wilson," says Edgar G. Sisson, "had the faculty of being right in a most irritating way." (See page 8)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Here is the new book by G. B. Stern

TRUMPET VOLUNTARY can be described best by saying that it is completely and uniquely G. B. Stern. As in *Monogram* and *Another Part of the Forest*, there are the swift, characteristic touches: endless and intriguing is the list of matters relevant and irrelevant which she discusses. The perils of loving a Persian rug, Ibsen at Berchtesgaden, Winston Churchill, favorite pictures and music, the Lunts, the way of life in wartime London, Stefan Zweig, luck and coincidence and miracles, Alexander Woollcott, the moral of the cat who sat on the mat. This is "uncharted" autobiography, revealed through the thousand jeweled patterns of her personal kaleidoscope. $2.75



Trumpet Voluntary

By G. B. Stern

The Day Is Coming

By William Cameron

Great figures—William Morris, Oscar Wilde, G. B. Shaw — march through the pages of this mature and deeply thoughtful novel, which is essentially the story of man's struggle for the right to follow what individual conscience directs. "Vital, dynamic." — *New York Sun* $3.00

RUSSIA and the Peace

By Bernard Pares

Sir Bernard Pares has devoted his life to knowing Russia and her people. "He writes with a perspective rarely met in books upon Russia, a dispassionate objectivity, and an engaging simplicity that veils the soundest scholarship." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune* $2.50

The Captain's Wife

By Eiluned Lewis

This is an unpretentious novel of great beauty, the story of a Welsh sea captain's wife of sixty years ago. "The book is simple, beautiful, and wise . . . the stuff of the story is timeless . . . glowing prose." —*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. "Engagingly direct and fresh."— *The New Yorker* $2.00

"A biography as tender and moving as any in recent literature," says *Time Magazine* of this life of Joseph Severn, artist friend of Keats and himself a man of brilliance. Included are such figures as Shelley, Trelawny, the witty and eccentric Lady Westmoreland, Gladstone, Ruskin, Wordsworth, and Leigh Hunt. "It marks the advent of a writer of unusual sensibility and charm."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune* $3.00

Against Oblivion

By Sheila Birkenhead

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"... History with a terrible urgency for the present." —WALTER MILLIS

Theodore Draper "... has given us the best military and political analysis of the French defeat available in English ... useful for many years to come."—Major H. A. DE WEERD, *New York Times. With maps.* $3.00

THE SIX WEEKS' WAR

France, May 10—June 25, 1940

"... The theatrical event of the season." —WARD MOREHOUSE

Lillian Hellman, the author of *Watch on the Rhine,* has written "... a beautiful, powerful and touching drama. Miss Hellman's finest achievement in the theatre."—BURTON RASCOE, *New York World-Telegram.* $2.00

THE SEARCHING WIND

Now in book form

"A brilliant historical-minded philosopher." —LEWIS GANNETT

Harold J. Laski, the renowned British liberal, in his new book compares the rise of Christianity at the fall of the Roman Empire with the reanimating spirit he finds in Russia today. $2.50

FAITH, REASON, and CIVILIZATION

"The most important American novel in a long while." —STRUTHERS BURT

Upton Sinclair writes of Lanny Budd's adventures as Roosevelt's confidential agent in Europe during the two years that ended at Munich, and on the trail of Fascism in America. $3.00

PRESIDENTIAL AGENT

THE VIKING PRESS, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"An eloquent novel . . . a notable event, one of the few stories produced by the war that has a distinction that will last."
—John Chamberlain, N. Y. Times

REX WARNER

Author of
The Wild Goose Chase

RETURN *of the* TRAVELLER

In this beautiful and striking story, a soldier who has given his life for his country returns to ask: WHY?

Reviewers Say:

"Mr. Warner is considering here the most profound issues possible: life and death, hope and fear . . . nothing could be more timely, nothing more timeless . . . He has handled a tremendous theme with courage, originality and tenderness. It is hardly too much to say that *Return of the Traveller* is one of the great books of our time."
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

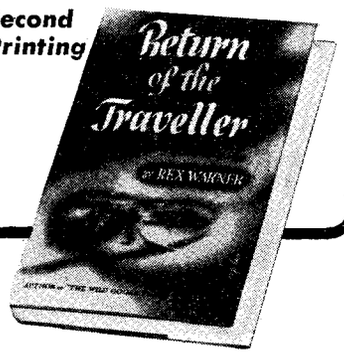
"A singularly beautiful book . . . a human colloquy, tender, moving and profound." — *Front page review by Irwin Edman, N. Y. Times Book Review.*

"Mr. Warner writes with a style that is rare in our generation."
—The New Yorker.

At all bookstores. $2.00

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Second Printing



This Week

Features

PAGE

BOSTON IS AFRAID OF BOOKS
By William T. Matchett..... 6

Reviews

WOODROW WILSON
The Unforgettable Figure Who Has Returned to Haunt Us
By Gerald W. Johnson
Reviewed by Edgar G. Sisson..... 8

TRAVELER FROM TOKYO
By John Morris
Foreword by Joseph C. Grew
Reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe..... 9

ARGENTINE DIARY
By Ray Josephs
Foreword by Allan Chase
Reviewed by Will Henry.....10

BY SEA AND BY LAND
By Lieut. Earl Burton, USNR
THE OFFICIAL GUIDE TO THE ARMY AIR FORCES. AAF
Reviewed by Brigadier General Donald Armstrong.....11

THE NAVY'S WAR
By Fletcher Pratt
Reviewed by Robert G. Albion.....12

LIEUTENANT BERTRAM
By Bodo Uhse. Translated from the German by Catherine Hutter
Reviewed by F. C. Weiskopf.....18

LITTLE COQUETTE
By Renée de Fontarce McCormick
Reviewed by Sara Henderson Hay.....19

Departments

YOUR LITERARY I.Q.....10
THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....12
STRICTLY PERSONAL
By Elmer Rice.....13
EDITORIAL.....14
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....15
TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf.....16
LITERARY CRYPT: No. 56.....19
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....20
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 538.....23
DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB.....23

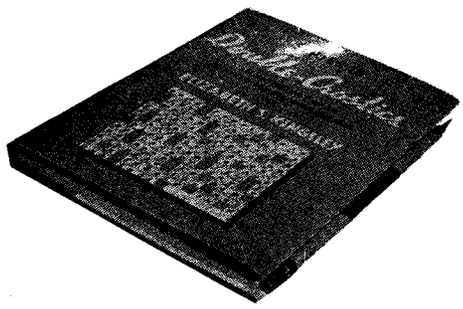
THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men in U. S. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXVII, No. 29, July 15, 1944. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Copyright, 1944, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

JUST OUT!

SERIES 16

Double Crostics

An Anthology of Fifty Hitherto Unpublished Puzzles Featuring Biographical Material



Published by Simon & Schuster, Inc., in coöperation with The Saturday Review of Literature.

DOUBLE-CROSTICS are to other word games what roast speckled grouse is to a ham sandwich. They've been called the world's darndest puzzles. When you've solved one you not only know the fierce joy of a Scotland Yard operative at the end of a case, but you've added some fancy words to your vocabulary, you've got a memorable quotation from literature, the name of its author, and the work from which it comes. You'll remember that quotation for all time.

◆ Kenneth Roberts, author of "Northwest Passage," writes. "In *Double-Crostics* you have developed a unique and absorbing form of entertainment, and mastered it to such a degree that you have the field to yourself. *Double-Crostics* have been a source of profound pleasure to my family and our guests for a long, long time."

◆ Henry Bellamann, author of "King's Row," writes: "This gives me an opportunity to express my breathless delight in *Double-Crostics* which have given me as many hours of escape as any symphony."

Order from your favorite bookseller or use this handy order form

The Saturday Review of Literature
25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Please send, postage prepaid, ... copies of DOUBLE-CROSTICS: Series 16, just out, at $1.50 each.* Remittance enclosed $.....

*(New York City residents add 2c per copy for City Sales Tax)

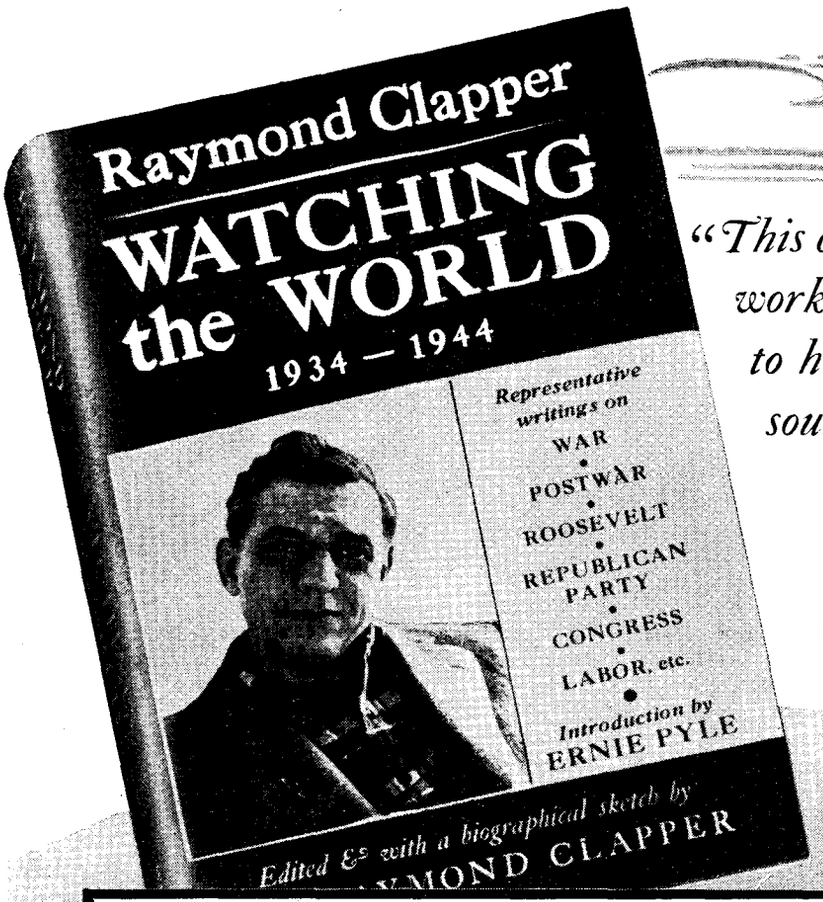
Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....
(Please include Postal Zone)

First 100 persons to respond to this advertisement will receive copies autographed by Elizabeth S. Kingsley.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"This collection of Ray Clapper's work is not only a monument to him. It is an investment in sound thinking."

—ERNIE PYLE

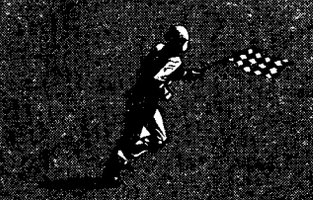
EDITED, WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION BY MRS. CLAPPER

With a Foreword by ERNIE PYLE

The cream of Raymond Clapper's work of the last decade, reflecting the outstanding events of those crucial years as they were appraised by an alert, informed, unswervingly honest mind. In these pages, you will relive those stirring years, gain a fresh appreciation of our America, and learn to know Clapper as he was—a great newspaper man and a great American. $3.00

Illustrated with 24 photographs

DAYBREAK FOR OUR CARRIER



"One of the truly indispensable books about this war."—N. Y. World-Telegram

By Lieutenant Max Miller, U.S.N.R.

Author of I COVER THE WATERFRONT

41 official U. S. Navy Photos by Lt. Charles E. Kerlee, U.S.N.R.
Introduction by Rear Admiral Arthur C. Davis, U.S.N.R.

"Those who would like to know war at sea as it is, written in a prose that often sings, will like this book very much . . . It is as though the reader was tuned in on a ready room with a running commentary by the author."—N. Y. *Times Book Review*

$2.50

WHITTLESEY HOUSE • 330 West 42nd Street • NEW YORK 18

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Boston Is Afraid of Books

It Has Yet to Grow Up In Its Approach to Literary Censorship

WILLIAM T. MATCHETT

THE treatment being accorded Lillian Smith's straightforward Southern novel, "Strange Fruit," in Boston was an outrage to be expected by anyone familiar with the long history of literary bigotry in Boston. "From 1780 to 1820 there was not a book, a speech, a conversation or a thought in Massachusetts." So spoke Ralph Waldo Emerson, casting a calm eye over the intellectual history of the city which now claims him as proof of its intellectuality. We propose in this article to use the year of Emerson's death—1882—as the starting point for a survey of one aspect of what might be called the second period of Boston fatuity.

In 1881, "Leaves of Grass" was banned by the Boston District Attorney at the instigation of the Society for the Suppression of Vice (which later became the New England Watch and Ward Society). Walt Whitman had just recently returned to Camden from a visit to his publisher and a pilgrimage to Emerson. The first edition of "Leaves of Grass" had been published a quarter of a century before that, in 1855, and what success it had enjoyed had in the main been due to a letter from Emerson to *The New York Times* in which he called the book "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed." But twenty-five years had passed and Emerson was failing; Whitman chatted with him in his shaded room and sensed at that time that beyond the cool peace of that room lay Boston, in which there was a group growing in its hostility to him.

By the time "Leaves of Grass" was banned Emerson was too far gone to take any public stand, and, before the issue was many months old, he was dead. "Issue" is a misleading word; about the only voice raised in Whitman's defense was his own. *The Literary World,* published in Boston, found Whitman "guilty of an act of indecent exposure," and considered it a "grave error in taste, policy, and good morals for a respectable house like that of James R. Osgood and Co. to put its imprint on a book containing such downright indecencies"; this was the position of many Bostonians. Whitman re-issued the book from Philadelphia, since Osgood's was a Boston firm and the suppression had halted all publication, but what further popularity he lived to see it attain was that caused by the eternal advertising power of persecution.

"Leaves of Grass" is obtainable in any Boston bookstore today, as are Boccaccio's "Decameron" and others of the volumes that were censored twenty or more years ago. When the sound and the fury surrounding a banning incident have slipped into the nothing that they signify, the book dealer can quietly, and legally in most cases, put the book back on his shelves. It is the Boston system of extra-legal censorship that sets this city apart. In those places in which censorship is practised legally it is practised rarely; in this city it is not censorship, but the possibility of it which leads to the suppression of ninety per cent of the books affected. The mere suggestion that a book is censorable is enough to set the booksellers scurrying. Some of them believe in the necessity of censorship, most of them have simply been made prudent by the few cases that have reached the courts.

After the Whitman censorship, suppression flowed an easy course into the present century. A few trials reached the courts, but nothing actually interfered with its course. The first setback of importance occurred in 1926. *The American Mercury* had been withheld from sale because of a light little story called "Hatrack." H. L. Mencken, then editor and general factotum of the magazine, trotted up to Boston and arranged to sell a copy, for purposes of a test case, to Frank Chase, the secretary of the Watch and Ward. The irrepressible Mr. Mencken, to insure himself against possible deceit, insisted on biting and ringing the coins; not until assured they were not counterfeit did he submit himself to arrest. Happily, the seemingly impossible happened: in the Boston Municipal Court, out of a dozen possible judges, Mencken drew the one who would listen to his side. This judge found no grounds for censoring the issue and took the occasion to denounce as illegal "the system of pressure of private agencies on the booksellers."

Rollin Kirby's commentary on "safe" books in Boston, published in the *New York World*, September 19, 1929.

SHORTLY after, Chase died and for a few months the Watch and Ward floundered aimlessly. For a while the booksellers sent doubtful books to the Superintendent of Police, William J. Foley, who diverted the flood to William J. Sullivan, his assistant and present successor. There was nothing "official" about this: the police merely informed the booksellers, as the Watch and Ward had been doing and would do again, which books contained objectionable passages, and those volumes were withdrawn from sale. Legally or not, the book was suppressed.

So far as the police department was concerned, it was just a nuisance. A reporter turned in "Elmer Gantry" as a gag; it was banned. Then one day the booksellers tried to make police censorship ridiculous and delivered to Foley fifty-seven books chosen almost at random. Foley took one look at the pile already awaiting Sullivan's attention and lost his temper. He sent them back to the booksellers saying that they would have to do their own banning and take the consequences if

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they missed anything; he was through. They formed the Boston Bookseller's Board of Trade under Richard Fuller, head of the Old Corner Bookstore, and themselves withdrew from sale more than half of that pile of fifty-seven.

By this time, the Watch and Ward had recovered, making a total of three groups which had appointed themselves as the protectors of the city's morals: the police, the booksellers, and the incorporated vice crusaders. Sixty-five books were banned in the next two and a half years. This was actually due in the main to the activities of one man, an Episcopal minister named the Rev. Paul Sterling. Though not a policeman, a bookseller, or a member of the Watch and Ward, the Rev. Dr. Sterling was their most avid supporter, and called book after book to their attention.

THE tale is told that he came one day into the office of Charles S. Bodwell, secretary of the Watch and Ward after Chase's death, with a copy of Rosamond Lehmann's "Dusty Answer." In one passage, there is an obscure reference to an abnormality, but it had not missed the Sterling eye. He handed the book to Bodwell with the passage neatly underlined. Bodwell read it quickly. He stopped. He read it again. Nothing. He read it very slowly.

"I don't understand," he said, "what does it all mean?"

Sterling was piqued, "If you don't understand," he snapped, "you'd better go and see your doctor."

"If *I*," returned Bodwell proudly, "would have to discuss it with my doctor, the book obviously doesn't need banning."

Sterling went on to the police in a huff, but they too failed to understand the passage and the book remained uncensored.

There was another case of crossed wires in which the Watch and Ward passed a book only to discover that the police were against it. Bodwell found himself in the curious position of *defending* a book in court. A talk with the Superintendent brought a measure of coöperation, and that never happened again.

In 1927, Upton Sinclair's "Oil" was withdrawn because of nine unpalatable passages. Sinclair turned up in Boston and sold a policeman a copy of the Bible in an "Oil" jacket. The policeman issued a summons and then demanded it back when he discovered the trick. A few days later Sinclair had issued a special Boston "Fig Leaf" edition with the objectionable portions stamped over in a fig-leaf design. This he himself hawked on Boylston and Tremont Streets, across from the Common, wearing fig-leaf sandwich-boards.

—*From* The American Scholar

Emerson: "Not a book, a speech, a conversation, or a thought in Massachusetts."

It has always been known that a Boston banning was good for a merchandising windfall. To be suppressed in Boston became synonymous with being a best-seller. Other businesses also profited indirectly from the institution. In 1929, Eugene O'Neill's play, "Strange Interlude," was excluded from the city. It opened in Quincy a few miles away, and special trains carried playgoers to and from each performance. Next door to the theatre was a little restaurant, run by an idealistic young man who believed in serving good food. He had been too idealistic and was in debt to the bank, in the building of which his restaurant was located. "Strange Interlude" was a long play, so long that it started early and then had a long intermission for supper. In this odd way the Howard Johnson restaurants got their start.

In 1929, came also the famous Dunster House Book Shop Case, which, as far as effective book-banning goes, about finished the Watch and Ward. Frustrated in several attempts to secure an arrest for the sale of D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover," the Society, through its efficient spy system, discovered that Mr. James A. Delacey, a highly respected dealer, had sold five copies of that book. The five copies had all gone to older men, long-time customers of Mr. Delacey, three of them Harvard professors, all of them especially interested either in Lawrence or first editions or both. A Mr. Slaymaker, giving his name as Tait (his middle name) in order to disguise his connection with the society, asked for a copy of the book. He was told they didn't carry it, which they didn't. He was persistent and came back several times, finally being told that they would get him a copy if one turned up. One did; probably the Watch and Ward saw to it, but at any rate a "student" came in with a copy to sell. Tait came in shortly after that and DeLacey sold it to him at no profit, to be immediately arrested.

In the Superior Court, however, the trial backfired. In an amusing examination, Slaymaker admitted that the book had become much worn in the period between leaving the store and being impounded by the police, during which period it had been in the possession of Mr. Bodwell. Though DeLacey was found guilty of the obvious fact that he had sold the book, the Judge, the counsel for the defense, and even the District Attorney turned on the Watch and Ward for the underhanded methods they had used. The Boston newspapers and even the Boston public became slightly aroused. A collection was made to pay DeLacey's fine, a slight and meaningless change was made in the original law, and all was peaceful again.

Though the prestige of the Watch and Ward was sullied, it didn't retract a step. Several of its directors resigned, including Bishop Lawrence, and one of them, in resigning, went so far as to say that he had been a director without his knowledge, that he had never accepted a directorship. Apparently the directorships were purely honorary and the actions of the so-called Society were those of Mr. Bodwell. He, or it, or they, issued a statement claiming that none of the officers had resigned as a result of the Dunster House case—it was supposedly an epidemic that happened to occur then—and he, or it, or they, hired an attorney to write a report exonerating them, and claimed in their statement that they saw nothing wrong with their own method of participating in or inducing a crime in order to prove its existence and that they would continue as in the past. However, since that time the Watch and Ward has been a nonentity as far as book suppressions go. Now the booksellers have taken over the job.

ONE trouble with the statute under which the Watch and Ward had been operating and under which Fuller took over—purely aside from the main trouble with it, which was that it existed at all—has been the fact that a book can be banned on the basis of a single obscene word. Almost any trial could be taken as an example, for instance that of Donald S. Friede, one-time vice-president of Boni and Liveright, who sold a copy of Theodore Dreiser's "American Tragedy" to a police lieutenant in 1929. Dreiser, on the stand, was allowed to testify only to the fact that he had written the book. Then Judge Hayes, in sum-

(*Continued on page* 21)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Bigger Wilson Than We Knew

WOODROW WILSON. The Unforgettable Figure Who Has Returned to Haunt Us. By Gerald W. Johnson. New York: Harper & Bros. (With the collaboration of the editor of Look Magazine.) 1944. 293 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by EDGAR G. SISSON

THE camera's story of Woodrow Wilson's life might not be expected to have sustained dramatic form, especially in the movement from heights of world acclaim to depths of tragic defeat. But Gerald W. Johnson, well known as an editorial writer for *The Baltimore Sun* and as the author of a number of books on historical subjects, has achieved a pictorial narrative of realistic and mounting interest. Woodrow Wilson, the multiple man—educator, historian, orator, people's leader, and statesman—is revealed in the panoramic unfolding of his visible actions.

Mr. Johnson also has given the camera chapters a preface in which he considers the contradictory views about Wilson. In doing so he does not claim to have more than a researcher's knowledge of the great personality he aims to portray. He cites the Wilson faults, as he sees them, and the Wilson virtues, as he finds them. The faults, he says, stuck out where everyone could see them. In his opinion, Wilson was arrogant, bullheaded, puritanical, icy, or blistering on occasion, sometimes appearing to be self-righteous, frightfully candid, learned, and impatient of ignorance, with a faculty of being right in a most irritating way. He says that for years perhaps most Americans, evidently including himself among them, have accepted the explanation that Wilson failed because he made so many enemies that in the end they dragged him down.

"But that is not all," he confesses with frankness.

> If that were all, then Wilson being down would stay down. But he doesn't. For the past two years, especially, he has haunted our minds like a bad conscience. Americans are thinking and talking of Wilson more than they are of some political leaders who consider themselves very much alive. Men have begun to examine him again and they find an interesting thing. His faults stuck out; they did not drive in. His bitterest enemy never called Wilson weak. If he was right, then the rest of us were wrong, terribly wrong. Why should Wilson's memory return to trouble us in the hour of our agony? We repudiated, dismissed and buried him long ago; why will he not stay dead? He will not be dismissed, he will not be ignored, he haunts us by night and by day. Is he, in a sense, the conscience of America?

Key to the compass in the cover drawing, reading from the center out: The Four Principles; The Five Particulars; The Four Ends, and The Fourteen Points.

Yes, one believes, and feels the presence of a host of a like mind, that Woodrow Wilson is the conscience of America, belatedly aroused after the country has paid an awful price for neglect of the voice, to be heeded now if we are to have world peace and not another world war to mow down the next generation in the wake of the one now paying the price of past error.

We differ from Mr. Johnson, however, in not having to be converted to a new Wilson faith. We count ourself among those to whom twenty-five years ago Woodrow Wilson seemed the practical hope of the world, showing the road to permanent peace, leading away from wars. Believing in ideals as a foundation, he wanted next to make them work. He had the best intellect we have seen in action in a fairly long life. If he awed some who approached him, it was not by displaying any sign of superiority. He had the air of leadership but he wore it simply.

The assertion, by Mr. Johnson, that Wilson was arrogant deserves a particular challenge. The evidence, except that of the fierce opponents of the principles for which he fought, is against any such contention. He had to fight for the principles, or yield to the onslaught against them. He did not yield. He could not yield. He fought sternly, stubbornly, bravely. No leader that yielded could have been resurrected as Wilson is being resurrected now. And most importantly, no arrogant man could have gained the ascendency over the minds and hearts of men that Wilson won—and held even in defeat, unto this day. The falsity of arrogance cannot be hidden. It seeps through words and acts. Wilson was sincere and determined, not arrogant.

Stephen Bonsal, in his diary of the Paris Peace Conference, has told how patient Wilson was in explanation and discussion with the mixed Continental delegates who were the lesser members of the conference. The picture is that of a serene teacher, not an arrogant man. If he exchanged forensic blows with his fellows of the Big Four, that was a give and take of equals; and these debates he also won, with recourse to reason rather than to arrogance.

Common folks, who sense arrogance and are repelled by it, everywhere in the world came under the influence of Wilson's simple directness; and to an extent that has not yet been realized in the United States. Returning to this country in 1924, after several years spent in Asia and other far places, the writer and traveler, William T. Ellis, penned this public Wilson tribute:

> It may sound like an exaggeration, but I think it is true that no other mortal man has ever attained so nearly absolute universal fame as Woodrow Wilson. Often I have pondered the subject while in lands

—From the book

"Woodrow Wilson disembarked at the port of Boston on his return from Europe (1919), and was there greeted by Governor Calvin Coolidge. . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

far outside the currents of civilized life—for the illiterate millions of Asia and other backward countries must be considered in summing up really universal fame. Because of his magic appeal to the deepest sensibilities of all human life, the Wilson principles quickly spread to the uttermost parts of the earth. There the innate vitality of the ideals caused them to take root and grow. As no other wholly human man has ever done before, Woodrow Wilson voiced the basic instincts and desires of the race.

In a book on an aspect of the First World War, I also summarized, several years ago, my views on Woodrow Wilson, writing:

> The fact is, historical or spiritual, that once or twice in a century there comes along a man able to express his own great thoughts with such grace, clarity, and simplicity that they are heard and cherished by the folk of all the world—of every plane of life and of every race. Woodrow Wilson had, supremely, this quality of universality. I often have wondered if Americans know this, as assuredly the rest of the world does. I know it because whatever he said could be turned into other languages, any other language, without losing any of its content, whether of charm, of force, or of idea.

The truth is that the Wilson ideas did not die with him, that they are living among all the peoples who in this war are fighting for their liberties, and that they will have new force tomorrow.

On January 3, 1918, Edgar G. Sisson, then in Petrograd, Russia, as the special emissary of President Wilson, cabled the President, asking for a restatement of peace terms in "short, almost placard paragraphs, short sentences," as later reported in "The Rise of American Civilization." It was in response to this cablegram that President Wilson issued his Fourteen Points.

Inside Japan

TRAVELER FROM TOKYO. By John Morris. Foreword by Joseph C. Grew. New York: Sheridan House. 1944. 253 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

WHEN the AMG gets ready to move into Japan, it will have no need to prepare for its personnel a manual on the Japanese. Mr. Morris has done it for them, and there is little hope of their topping his effort. For even if the official compilers knew the Japanese as well as this English author does, it is doubtful if they could interpret them to Westerners with his broad objectivity and constructive wisdom.

Mr. Morris had a remarkable four-year opportunity to observe the Japanese both before and after Pearl Harbor. Employed by their government to teach English literature in a prominent Tokyo university, he made friends with the students, worked and played with them, understood their need for reëducation from "mental confusion." He had a wide circle of friends among the democratic factions in Tokyo. As an adviser to the Foreign Office, he saw a good deal of the inner workings of Japanese officialdom, its reactions to Nazism, its fantastic and often ludicrous stupidities.

After Pearl Harbor he still was allowed the freedom of the city, and for eight months was witness to the physical and psychological deterioration of the wartime capital and its populace. He was on the street when Doolittle's raiders bombed the city. He gained unusual insight into the mentality of the Japanese soldier and learned to know at firsthand the ruthlessness, duplicity, and savagery of Japanese militarism.

All this and more he reports in detail and interprets in his own penetrating and urbane manner. His easy, gentlemanly prose wears better than the high-powered, slap-bang journalese of the average war book. He makes an interesting, human story of every phase of Japanese life that he touches—what the Emperor's subjects eat, read, and wear, how they carry their liquor, why so many of them wear glasses, what music they hear and mountains they climb, how boy meets girl in the marriage that is the duty of every Japanese.

"Travelers from Tokyo" is shot through with quiet humor. One of the author's Foreign Office friends construed the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, "where the Far East is concerned, as a continuation of the British Empire, but with a change of rulers." Mr. Morris's first class at the university remained for months cold and impersonal. One morning he came into the classroom to find this message on the blackboard: "Sir, today we do not wish lecture on T. S. Eliot. We wish to practise hearing King's English and hope for intimate lecture on details of your love-life. Have you visited Japanese gay quarter?" The students had suddenly thawed out.

—*Burck, in the* Binghamton *(N. Y.)* Sun.
"Sunset on the Pacific."

In a foreword to "Traveler from Tokyo," former Ambassador Grew says of the Japanese: "Their way of life, their sense of logic, their processes of thinking and many of the factors that influence that thinking are not ours, and too many of our people try to measure these things by Western yardsticks. This is fatal to understanding." And if we do not take the trouble to understand, warns Mr. Morris, we cannot expect "to bring into being a peace-loving and contented Japan, an agreeable partner in international politics, a country that will contribute to a single, unified world economy."

The goal of a peace-loving and contented Japan may call down the fury of the eye-for-eye school of avengers. But Mr. Morris is just as insistent as they are that Japan's vicious militarism and her power to make war be utterly and forever destroyed. He proposes a four-point program: Defeat, Occupation, Demilitarization, Opportunity. He stresses the importance of bringing the defeat home to the Japanese people. "They know so little of what is happening in the world today that only when the war is actually brought to their homeland itself will they realize they are beaten."

Demilitarization should begin during the occupation. The period of occupation should depend on the ability of the Japanese to form a liberal government coöperative with the Allies. Japan, the author believes, has many liberal-minded statemen: they remain voiceless through fear of imprisonment, torture, and assassination. The army of occupation will help and protect the new government. And it will guard against stimulating the growth of the dangerous secret societies which every Japanese soldier is more or less forced to join after demobilization.

Mr. Morris cautions against any attempt to discredit the Emperor. The Japanese people must be convinced that their ruler was misled by his unscrupulous military advisers. The coöperation of the Emperor would be indispensable to the new post-war world order. This order "will be largely determined by the kind of government we have in England and the United States.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Warning on Argentina

ARGENTINE DIARY. By Ray Josephs. With a foreword by Allan Chase. New York: Random House. 1944. 358 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILL HENRY

IN his foreword to "Argentine Diary" Allan Chase writes: "If this third world war is prevented, it will be because those wonderful Spanish republicans who tried their damndest to knock off Hitler at the very start of World War II will, within the next twelve months, succeed in establishing a Spanish Republic and hanging not only Franco but also all the fascist fakers who have such high standing with men like Carlton Hayes and Samuel Hoare. It will also be because warnings such as the one so powerfully worded by Ray Josephs in this book will reach enough American ears."

Mr. Josephs's book consists mainly of the 1943-44 diary which he kept while he was Argentine correspondent for *PM* and *Variety*. Through its packed pages moves a history of Argentine politics from 1930 to 1944. The diary entries largely revolve about three interwoven questions: "Is there going to be a tightening of United States policy toward Argentina?" "Is Argentina going to break with the Axis?" "Will organized labor and the university students head up civil war in Argentina?" Mercurially, yes and no succeed each other as possible answers, trailing in suspense the hopes and fears of patriots, politicos, nationalists, democrats, Axists, and colonels.

It is "the GOU, the all-powerful colonels' clique, which really runs Argentina." Theirs is a cult, the author says, in some respects like Japanese military Bushido. "The GOU has the same patriotic, nationalistic, anti-foreign fetishes. It is still too young to judge all its directions, yet for our hemisphere it represents a danger comparable in many ways to that of Japan's militarists and to the Prussian heel clickers who helped guide the Nazi plans."

Mr. Josephs sketches the GOU leaders, Rawson, Ramírez, Perón, Farrell, Gilbert, Gonzalez, and a number of their military and non-military collaborators. Nowhere is "Argentine Diary" more powerfully worded than in the American correspondent's Who's Who of Argentine militarism. Gonzalez "helped get the goods on the politicos, or at least got enough on them to let the colonels toss two Castillo Cabinet Ministers into the jug and make a number of others think about buying boat tickets to Montevideo." Perón "thinks Army techniques can be applied to the organization of the masses and that strategy is good preparation for Government administration. He has made it work so far, especially on his inner circle opponents."

The author points out the chief popular misconceptions which, if straightened out in the minds of the people of the United States, would do much to promote hemisphere solidarity. *Norteamericanos* think that Latin America is all one big country, is romantic, is wide open to gold-rush era exploitation, is full of native Indian tribes dancing in the central plazas, is Nazi. Some United States journalists have painted an out-of-shape picture of Latin America, but on the whole, he believes, their reporting has been constructive. He, himself, reports social reforms as well as book-burnings, wire-tappings, repressions, and suppressions.

And what about Argentine meat? What is there to the Argentine complaint, "the English buy from us, but Uncle Sam won't"? How reconcile the fact that Argentina was not invited to the Hot Springs conference with the world's largest meat contract by which the British agreed to take Argentina's surplus? Mr. Josephs goes into the subject from many political and economic angles.

Echoes of l'affaire Hugh Butler ring through "Argentine Diary." According to Mr. Josephs, the Nebraska Senator's article "tossed a nice fat stink bomb into the Good Neighbor House a-building these last few years."

Ray Josephs

Eighty per cent of the Argentine people, the author estimates, can safely be said to be entirely pro-democratic. As he left for the States in late January, 1944, he wrote: "Their determination to free their country is developing, not so much in busy, self-centered Buenos Aires alone, but out in the *pampa*, in the cities of the interior, among students and the working classes and among the saner pro-democratic elements of the Army itself."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

TITLES TAKEN FROM SHAKESPEARE

Each of the twenty book titles listed below is a quotation from Shakespeare. Can you name the work from which each was borrowed? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 19.

1. "Both Your Houses," by Maxwell Anderson.
2. "Dear Brutus," by James M. Barrie.
3. "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," by Philip Barry.
4. "Can Such Things Be?" by Ambrose Bierce.
5. "This England," by Mary Ellen Chase.
6. "Sad Cypress," by Agatha Christie.
7. "A Good Man's Love," by Elizabeth de la Pasture.
8. "Moon Calf," by Floyd Dell.
9. "Ill Met by Moonlight," by Leslie Ford.
10. "Goodnight, Sweet Prince," by Gene Fowler.
11. "Under the Greenwood Tree," by Thomas Hardy.
12. "Twice Told Tales," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
13. "Brave New World," by Aldous Huxley.
14. "Told by an Idiot," by Rose Macauley.
15. "Cakes and Ale," by Somerset Maugham.
16. "Not So Deep as a Well," by Dorothy Parker.
17. "Remembrance of Things Past," by Marcel Proust.
18. "All Our Yesterdays," by H. M. Tomlinson.
19. "Glimpses of the Moon," by Edith Wharton.
20. "Come, My Coach," by Marjorie Worthington.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Building Up the Amphibious Forces

BY SEA AND BY LAND. By Lieut. Earl Burton, USNR. New York: Whittlesey House. 1944. 218 *pp.* $2.75.

THE OFFICIAL GUIDE TO THE ARMY AIR FORCES. AAF. A directory, Almanac and Chronicle of Achievement. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1944. 380 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER-GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

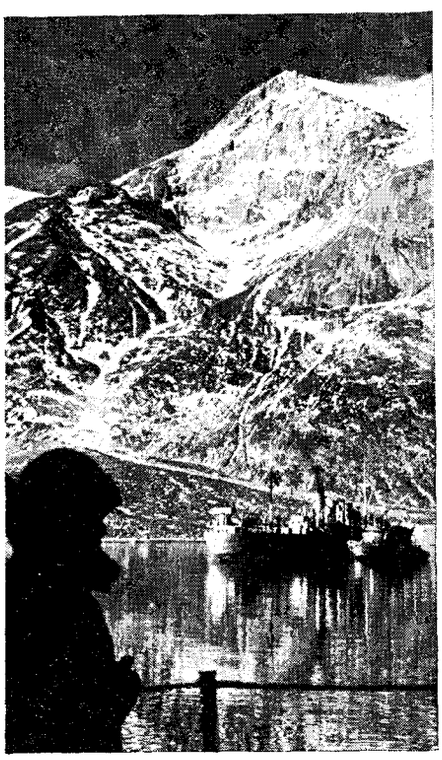
IN the annals of warfare no previous pattern of the "dreadful pomp of stout invasion" can compare with D Day in June, 1944. To understand better what happened that morning between Cherbourg and Caen, and to read future events more intelligently, these two books will prove a boon to the uninitiated as well as enlightening to the experts.

Earlier and lesser landings in this global war were guinea pigs for the major operation in Normandy. Lieut. Burton's story of the building up of the amphibious forces and of their employment prior to the offensive against the French coast, and the "Official Guide Book of the Army Air Forces" show how the invasion was materially "stout enough to overcome the most formidable obstacles ever devised to prevent a landing on a hostile shore." Together the books provide further evidence of the courage, self-reliance, and initiative of the American soldier, sailor, and airman and of the resourcefulness of American industry that made the invasion "dreadful" to the Germans.

Of course amphibious operations are as old as recorded history. Every schoolboy used to read of another channel crossing that had much in common with our own expedition. D Day was a certain August 25. The general like our own General Eisenhower had waited impatiently for good weather in order to cross the channel. The eighty transports and the naval escort undertook this amphibious operation confident in their great commander. But the expedition came near disaster. Had it not been for the effective overhead fire from the ships' artillery and from their smaller weapons, the landing would never have succeeded. This combined operation happened 1999 years ago, for it was in 55 B. C. that Caesar invaded Britain for the first time. The next year he redesigned his invasion barges much as we experimented with novel types of vessels to improve the chances for successful landings on enemy shores.

Caesar would have recognized the tactics of amphibious forces on June 6, 1944, even if the weapons and ships were completely changed from those he knew. In spite of his own clipped style, he might have been stumped, however, as the readers of this book may well be, in interpreting the galaxy of initials such as LST (Landing Ship Tank) and LCIL (Landing Craft Infantry Large). Lieut. Burton does carefully explain the meaning of these troublesome initials, but a glossary, requiring less than a page, of the many abbreviated terms would have been a welcome addition. Fortunately he is a journalist transformed by the war into a naval officer. He describes today's landing operations with the clarity of a trained observer and the verbal felicity of an experienced writer. The technical details of the landing craft designed for modern warfare might well be wearisome and monotonous for the layman. He imparts to the development of these ships that have had such significance in the success of our landings something of the exciting quality of a good detective story.

Surprisingly enough, the genesis of the LST goes back to the versatile Winston Churchill. The construction and testing of these large ships is a fascinating story of ingenuity and speed against all odds. Everyone must have wondered how these ocean-going vessels could approach land close enough to let down a ramp over which a tank could drive ashore. The simple solution of this problem was that "giant water tanks would be built into the hull. With these tanks full of water, the ship would weigh down, lay low in the water with a draft deep enough to cross any ocean. Pumps would be installed. As the ship neared the beach, these would be manned. The water in the tanks would simply be pumped out, much like releasing the ballast in a submarine and, with the water out of these tanks, the draft of the bow would be next to nothing. She could drive it high and dry onto the beach."



A sea-going U. S. Coast Guard tug in the bleak reaches of a harbor in the Arctic.

We started from scratch to design and build these ships. The recruiting and training of the crews was likewise without precedent and was an equally arduous task whose success merits the admiration of all Americans. The planning that precedes an amphibious attack, the solving of the supply problems, and the working out of the artillery support from the escorting warships show the intellectual effort that antedate and accompany operations of this sort. All these things Lieut. Burton explains plainly and graphically in a book that is an outstanding example of clear exposition for the layman of a highly technical subject.

What Lieut. Burton has done for the Amphibious Forces is accomplished for the Air Forces in the unique volume sponsored by the military air organization itself. It is an exhaustive and comprehensive encyclopedia of air warfare as the Army fights it. No one will be inclined to read it through at a sitting, but it is an indispensable and exceedingly timely reference manual on all phases of Army Air Forces activities. The index is excellent and, after testing it thoroughly with the text itself, the conclusion must be reached that the answer to any reasonable question about our Army Air Forces, its matériel, its history, its supply, and maintenance, is readily discoverable. The numerous photographs, drawings, and charts effectively supplement the text. With General Arnold's comment in the foreword that "this book is a useful, accurate guide to our operations" there can be confident reliance on its minute descriptions of the men and matériel that make up the force. When you note that in December, 1943, the A. A. F. had a total personnel of 2,373,882; that in 1944 it will expend well over twenty-three billion dollars, and that its activities in overwhelming the Axis literally cover the earth you will agree that such a stupendous undertaking is well worth some hours of study. The opportunity for acquiring this knowledge is afforded by this book which the American people will surely appreciate.

BUY BONDS
TO SPEED VICTORY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Pearl Harbor to Guadalcanal

THE NAVY'S WAR. By Fletcher Pratt. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1944. 293 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT G. ALBION

THIS volume brings together a group of action studies which originally appeared serially in *Harper's Magazine.* Altogether, it stands as one of the two best accounts of the United States Navy during the first year after Pearl Harbor. The other, which naturally invites comparison, is Gilbert Cant's "America's Navy in World War II" which appeared a year ago. It is difficult to award a flat superlative between those two, for the Pratt account is the livelier, while the Cant volume is far more complete.

Mr. Pratt assumed responsibility for only a limited coverage of the subject. As he remarks in the explanatory preface, "It presents the main actions and campaigns of the present war down to the time the United States fully recovered the offensive as well as something of the picture of individual ships and men concerned." By concentrating on the high points of the Pacific war, he has skimmed the cream so far as dramatic interest is concerned, and has freed himself of the necessity of recounting other parts of the story which were fundamentally important but less dramatic. One has to turn to Cant, or to Admiral King's report, for the Atlantic side of the story, with its gruelling work of fighting the submarine menace, or for the indispensable contribution made on Constitution Avenue and in the shore establishment to prepare in adequate quality and quantity the instruments which helped to bring about the success at sea.

The decision to concentrate in this manner was a sensible one, for the author's talents are at their best in this kind of writing. The battle accounts in his earlier works have been some of the most vivid available, but some have regarded him as inadequate in other aspects of an all-round picture. In "The Navy," for instance, his accounts of the frigate and lake actions are excellent, but the reader has to hunt hard for scattered mention of perhaps the most significant aspect of the naval war—the rigid British blockade which cut us off from the sea more thoroughly than at any other time in our history. In the present book, he is free to concentrate upon his forte without being responsible for the rest, with the result that this is by far the best of his numerous writings.

The story starts with the meager and hunted forces in Far Eastern

—Photo by Kaiden—Keystone
Fletcher Pratt

waters directly after Pearl Harbor when the Japanese were taking full advantage of their superior forces. It carries the story for almost a year, until the actions around Guadalcanal in November, 1942, definitely turned the tide. The actions of the Coral Sea, Midway, and the Solomons are told clearly, with the aid of good diagrams, and with a deft use of colorful detail which adds life to the strategical and tactical analysis. In this connection, he remarks at the outset that "there is one service which can be performed by the observer fairly close to the date; one thing seldom done by the later, professional historian or usually done by him only under duress. That observer close to the moment can catch the mood of the men in battle, what they thought about and talked about and he can throw it into its proper relation to what they did." Plenty of such material, of course, is available in the numerous accounts dealing with particular episodes, such as "They Were Expendable" or "Queen of the Flat-Tops," but here it is artistically worked into the general account. There is a liberal amount of this in the special chapters dealing with the experience of a destroyer and a carrier.

Naturally, the whole story is not available at this time; the wonder is that Pratt and Cant were able to present such full accounts in view of the reluctance of the "silent service" to tell too much. Their records are now being opened more and more freely; the influence of "security" is still strong, however, in the details of our submarine activities.

While these two unofficial accounts hold the center of the field for the time being, the Navy itself is making preparations to tell its own story. That story, however, cannot be made public until after the fighting is over, but in the meantime, the general reader can already get, from Pratt or Cant, a good and interesting overall picture of the remarkable accomplishments of our fleet.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BOOK OF THE DEAD *Elizabeth Daly* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Shakespeare's "Tempest" helps bibliophilic sleuth Henry Gamadge snare super-elusive criminal in New England rendezvous.	By all odds best of Gamadge adventures to date. Beautifully plotted, believable characters, ample action, and thrills.	Grade A
RIM OF THE PIT *Hake Talbot* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Dead man returns to haunt widow—who dies violently, also 2nd husband. Rogan Kincaid unscrews inscrutable happenings at snowbound lodge.	Super-shivery opus that runs gamut of supernatural manifestations. Thrills in every chapter and an amazing climax.	First class
DEAD MAN'S FLOAT *Amber Dean* (Crime Club: $2.)	Summer resort Circe bludgeoned and chucked in lake. Perceptive widow helps sheriff nail killer.	Well-plotted yarn, with some neat characterizations of very nasty people, and an almost too-surprising payoff.	Good grade
DEATH STRIKES AT HERON HOUSE *Kerry O'Neil* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Phila. private dick Mooney probes socialites and underworld to find out who killed beauteous model in Main Line mansion.	Robin Hoodish prank of sleuth has tragic aftermath and starts him on forthrightly described man-hunt with not unexpected finish.	Agreeable

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Strictly Personal...

THE U.S.O. AND "THE RACES OF MANKIND"

THE United Service Organizations, Inc., whose constituent members are the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., the National Catholic Community Service, the Salvation Army, the Jewish Welfare Board, and the National Travelers' Aid Association, was created "to aid in the war and defense program of the United States and its Allies, by serving religious, spiritual, welfare, and educational needs of the men and women in the armed services—and, in general, to contribute to the maintenance of morale, in American communities and elsewhere." It has, undoubtedly, done an excellent job in providing entertainment and recreational facilities for the armed forces, both at home and abroad; but, in my opinion, it has been guilty of a most deplorable betrayal of its functions by its suppression of a scientific pamphlet called "The Races of Mankind."

Some months ago, Rex Stout, chairman of the Writers' War Board, sent me the pamphlet, together with copies of an exchange of letters, between himself and Chester I. Barnard, president of the U.S.O. In substance, the letters consisted of Mr. Stout's protest against the action of the U.S.O. in ordering the removal of the pamphlet from the reading-rooms of its member organizations, and of Mr. Barnard's rather curt dismissal of that protest. The public importance of this controversy seems to me so great that I feel justified in describing here my own subsequent correspondence with Mr. Barnard.

"The Races of Mankind," as many *SRL* readers are no doubt aware, is a 32-page booklet, prepared by Professor Ruth Benedict and Dr. Gene Weltfish, of the Department of Anthropology of Columbia University, under the supervision of a committee of the American Association of Scientific Workers. In simple, non-technical language, it examines and refutes many of the traditional and current fallacies and superstitions about racial characteristics and differences. By means of lively pictographs and easily-assimilable anthropometric data, it seeks to undermine the bases of race prejudice and to demonstrate the essential oneness of the peoples of the world. It explodes the myth of racial purity and the theories of racial superiority, founded upon alleged peculiarities of blood, stature, cranial capacity, and the like. In illustrating the importance of environmental influences, it cites the results of the 1917 A.E.F. intelligence tests, in which Northern Negroes made a better showing than Southern whites. Commenting upon these statistics, the authors of the pamphlet say: "The difference did not arise because people were from the North or the South, or because they were white or black, but because of differences in income, education, cultural advantages, and other opportunities."

Just the sort of thing, one would think, that an organization formed to serve "the educational needs of the men and women in the armed services" and "to contribute to the maintenance of morale in American communities" would be anxious to get into the hands of soldiers who are fighting to overthrow the exponents of racism and to establish democracy and justice as world principles.

I wrote Mr. Barnard to that effect and asked him whether his summary action, in forbidding the circulation of the pamphlet, was a reflection of his personal views or a surrender to political pressure groups. In reply, he denied either motivation, and sent me a 2000-word mimeographed "explanation" of the suppression of the pamphlet.

I wish that space permitted me to analyze this extraordinary document in detail, for, in its self-contradictions, evasions, and rationalizations, it presents a striking example of the woeful lack of courage displayed by Americans in positions of power, when they are brought face-to-face with our most urgent and dangerous social problem. However, my reply to Mr. Barnard covers the salient points and so I venture to reproduce it here:

Dear Mr. Barnard:

I have read very carefully your memorandum on the suppression of "The Races of Mankind," by the U.S.O., and I regret to say that it confirms my impression that your action is a concession to those backward elements in our population who persist in maintaining, both in theory and practice, the vicious and un-American policy of "white supremacy."

I pass quickly over your contention that the pamphlet is political in character, because any person of judgment can see for himself that it is, in fact, a popular presentation of scientific evidence, in that it presents objectively, a body of well-established and incontrovertible anthropological data. To argue that the truth should be suppressed because it gives offense to or runs counter to the vested interests and prejudices of certain groups in the community (who happen to contribute to the support of the U.S.O.) seems to me unworthy of an intelligent man, occupying a responsible position.

Even more shocking is your statement that "the doctrine of the equality of races runs directly counter not only to social practice, in large sections of the community, but also to definite legal prescription." This amounts to a placid acquiescence in Jim Crowism and a blinking of the obvious fact that the "legal prescriptions" against the Negro are in direct violation of the principles upon which our Government is founded and of the basic law of the land, as embodied in the Constitution of the United States. I refer you to the Declaration of Independence, which holds, as a self-evident truth, that all men are created equal, and to the 14th and 15th amendments to the Constitution, which forbid the abridgement of the privileges and immunities of citizens and the denial of the vote because of race or color. Do these broad and universal principles of law and government seem less important to you than do the legal subterfuges adopted by certain States in contravention of these principles? It would seem so!

What horrifies me most, though, is the bland statement that "we include service to Negroes of equal importance to others." In heaven's name, why shouldn't you? And why should you find it necessary to make such an observation, unless you accept the belief that Negroes are somehow different from other people and that you are stretching a point and doing them a favor by according them services which you are organized to perform and for which you solicit and accept funds from every element in the population? If I were a Negro, I know how I should feel about that kind of smug patronage.

You say you are not yielding to group pressure, but your action and your apology for it, refute what you say. It looks to more than one observer as though you were more interested in the sensibilities of your Southern contributors than in the preservation of those principles of democracy for which we are presumably fighting this war.

That was written on May 4. To date, I have received no answer from Mr. Barnard; and I am self-opinionated enough to believe that the reason is that he has no answer.

ELMER RICE.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
BOARD OF EDITORS
Norman Cousins, *Editor*
Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Loveman — *Associate Editors*
William Rose Benét, Bennett Cerf — *Contributing Editors*
Harrison Smith
President
Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.
Copyright, 1944, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

CENSORSHIP AND SEMANTICS

TWO weeks ago, *The Saturday Review* editorially criticized the exclusion by the Army of several books under the Soldiers Vote Act of 1944 aimed to protect American fighting men and women against "political propaganda" contained or concealed in books. Among the rejected books were "Yankee from Olympus," by Catherine Drinker Bowen, and "The Republic," by Charles A. Beard. Our editorial blamed both the ambiguity of the law and the interpretation of the law by Army officials; what concerned us most was the high incidence of censoritis, an apparently contagious disease whose centers of infection seemed to center around the fitful city of Boston and the United States Post Office.

Our editorial brought replies from both Congress and the Army. Senator Robert A. Taft, of Ohio, who introduced in Congress the contentious section of the Soldiers Vote Act under which the books were rejected by the military officials, has written to *The Saturday Review,* questioning the extreme interpretation placed on the law by the Army. Senator Taft's statement in full runs:

> This is in reference to your editorial on "Censoritis," referring to the rejection by the Army of several books, among them "Yankee from Olympus," by Catherine Drinker Bowen, and "The Republic," by Charles A. Beard, on the grounds that they violate the Soldiers Vote Act of 1944. The act was aimed against books carrying political propaganda, purchased in part, or whole by Government funds. Your editorial placed—unfairly, I think—the blame primarily on the law, rather than on the interpretation.
>
> Having introduced that section of the Soldiers Vote Act myself, I feel justified in stating that it was never the intention of Congress to discriminate against such books as the two I have mentioned. What we aimed at was reading material of a clearly propagandist nature about which there could be no possible mistake and which stacked the cards in favor of one candidate or another. It is preposterous to say arbitrarily, as the Army has done, that Dr. Beard's book is political propaganda and is therefore to be excluded. "The Republic" is written by one of America's greatest living historians and is an excellent study of the general framework of American Government; certainly it represents no violation of the Soldiers Vote Act. Nor do I see anything in Miss Bowen's book that could justifiably be construed as political propaganda.
>
> If the Army's action in the case of these two books is any indication of the type of books they believe Congress wishes to be suppressed under the Soldiers Vote Act of 1944, then all I can say is that the Army has badly misinterpreted both the letter and the spirit of the law.

We are also in receipt of a statement by the Army, prepared by the Army Library Service, justifying its action as inevitable considering the wording of the law, which forbids the Army to accept for overseas distribution those books purchased in whole or part by Government funds which contain "political argument or political propaganda of any kind designed or calculated to affect the result of any election" for Federal office. By way of emphasizing its own liberal attitude towards printed matter, the Army statement pointed out that American soldiers are "provided free with more reading, seeing, and hearing material than any other soldiers in any other army on earth. The Army's operation to inform and entertain its 7,700,000 men in every corner of the world is, literally, stupendous." But the Army is prevented, the statement goes on to say, from distributing certain types of books:

> Misconception of what the Army is doing arises in part from failure to understand the intricate provisions of Title V of Public Law and what Congress intended thereby, and even more from ignorance of the massive undertaking by the Army to inform and entertain its soldiers . . .
>
> Take books, for example. For nine months now, the Army has been providing for soldiers, in convenient, paper-bound, pocket-size editions, books for recreational reading at the rate of thirty titles a month. Some of these are "classics," like Conrad, Brontë, Plato, Dickens, Voltaire, Melville . . . The purpose of providing these books, free, to servicemen has nothing to do with channeling their minds this way or that. It is a morale service by the Army. It seeks to raise and strengthen the troops' spirit by putting before them reading they enjoy . . . The expenditure of Army funds for this purpose, as for any other valid military purpose, is exclusively an Army function . . .
>
> Recently, a new factor has entered into the selection of "Council Books": obedience to the new law precludes the choice of books with a political content of the prohibited kind. Has this new factor resulted in "arrogant" or "parochial" choices? One would go far to find a better or wider diversity of reading matter, for recreation, than the thirty titles published for the Army during June.
>
> The provisions of Title V of the new Federal law unquestionably make the Services' job more difficult. But it is to be remembered that Title V is a criminal statute. For a violation of its provisions, a penalty of $1000 or one year in prison or both, is provided. If it is *your* decision, and *you* suffer the penalty for violating the law, your position is very different from that of the innocent bystander whose criticism costs him nothing.
>
> The new Federal law uses most general language. This language requires that the test be both subjective and objective. Subjectively, what did that author intend the effect of his material to be? Objectively, is the material, at the time and in the manner used, political matter adapted in the common-sense judgment of the average man to the purpose of affecting the Federal election? And it is not only the total effect of a book that the Act prohibits; chapters, pages, passages in a book may obviously violate the law when lifted from their context. Faced with a criminal penalty for deciding wrong, the reasonable, law-abiding citizen—whether in the Army or not—acts with care.
>
> The law is specific as to books. The Army did not impose upon itself this sweeping prohibition. But since it is the law, all Army personnel must obey it . . .
>
> Can it be fairly *said* that the Army's recent selections of "Council Books" show a "hardening of the Brass hat" which deprives the soldier of intellectual nourishment? To the contrary, just as in all the lists preceding April first, the Army's selection will stack up against any reading lists that can be prepared for a similar cross-section of the American people.
>
> So long as Title V is the law, the Army intends to observe the mandate of Congress to the best of its ability. The Army may make a mistake in carrying out the law: most people are apt to make a mistake. But its mistake will be made in a good faith effort to obey the law as it is written. The Congress, not the armed forces, writes and changes the law.

The problem, it appears from both these statements, is not one of censorship but of semantics. Senator Taft,

(*Continued on next page*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Author Replies

SIR: Dr. Hans Kohn, in a recent review of my "Germany: A Self-Portrait," has accused me of setting up a "bogus man"—the racist who would have us believe that the urge to war is rooted in some peculiarity of the German blood.

It seems to me that Dr. Kohn is ignoring much evidence that this "bogus man" is, unfortunately, very real. Dr. Kohn undoubtedly reads this magazine—but apparently not too well. I do not always have the opportunity to see *The Saturday Review,* and I have no file copies to refer to, but I recall an excellent article on this subject by Elmer Rice, entitled "Ben Hecht's Reversible Weapons." It is recommended to Dr. Kohn.

The reversible weapons brigade is now in full assault. We have Dr. Richard Brickner holding the psychological front. Lord Vansittart handles the diplomatic angle. "Dear Null" entertains with a patter song about "Let's not be beastly . . ." Messrs. Stout, Fadiman, and Creel form the shock troops. The insignia of this "army" might well be a shield of crossed pens and gnashing teeth surmounted by a motto, "Make this the last war—but make it last."

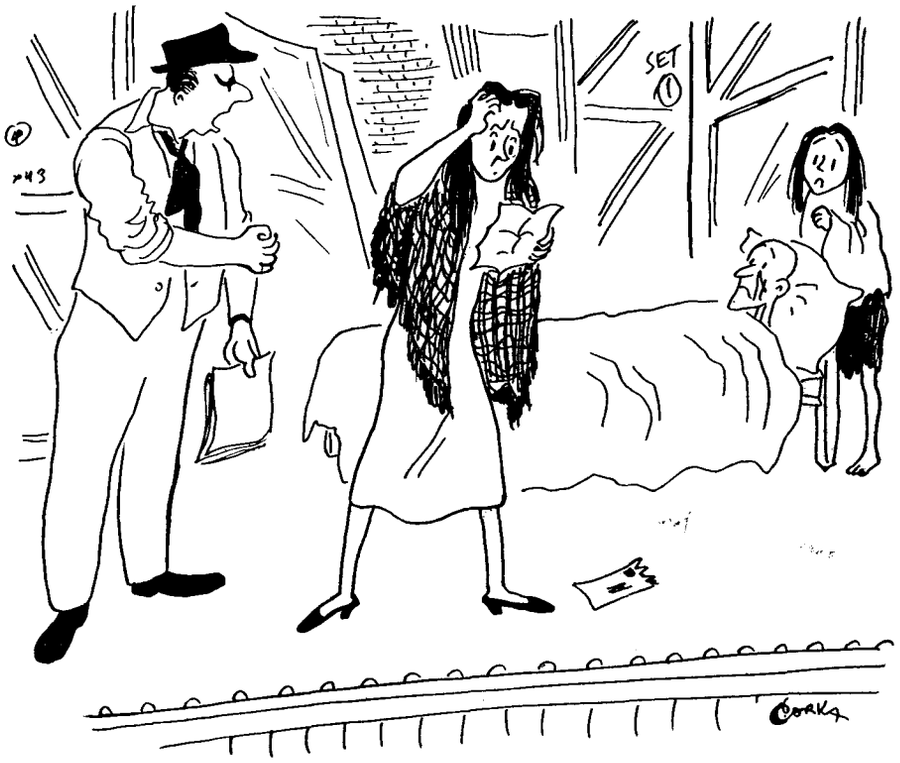
These gentlemen are not inventions of mine, and I am not certain they will appreciate being so termed. If they are something less than frank about their racism in reverse, it must be because racism as such is not in good standing as an intellectual pastime. But denunciations of the Germans as Germans is racism, no matter how the thing is hedged about in careful words.

Undoubtedly their vengeful phrases spring from righteous anger, but fury, no matter how righteous, is never a very good substitute for thinking. And the real damage that Stout, Fadiman, *et al* are doing is to muddy thinking on a most important subject. The root of the question, which they seek not to discuss, lies in the nature of fascism rather than in attempts at a quantitative and qualitative analysis of the German people. The "blame of the Germans" school would make any but a "blood" analysis of fascism impossible.

My book, a montage of German history from 1914 to 1944, was written not to prove the existence of "good" Germans—that is taken for granted by literate persons—but to show concretely and by example that fascism can engulf any people under a given set of historical and economic circumstances. The germs of potential fascism exist in every society which has serious social and economic maladjustments—they feed on different national soils, pan-Germanism and economic breakdown in Germany, isolationism and anti-Negro, anti-foreign feeling in the United States. There are any number of examples to show that a dictatorship of a minority can be imposed upon a majority if the feeling aroused by unsolved social problems is properly manipulated and channeled. If we ignore these facts, choosing instead the cheap stimulant of anti-Germanism, we not only make a realistic and lasting peace impossible but we also disarm ourselves before very real fascist tendencies in the United States.

PVT. HARLAN R. CRIPPEN.

Atlantic City, N. J.



"Put some feeling into it, pretend you are reading the *Tribune* review!"

"Strange Fruit"

SIR: You have kept me dangling from week to week, wondering about the status of your dispute with the United States Post Office in the case of "Strange Fruit." I take it that, since the magazine is still arriving, the case has not been decided against you. But I wondered whether you couldn't elucidate for an

ANXIOUS READER.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The situation stands as it did six weeks ago when, as was announced in the magazine, the Post Office temporarily rescinded its order and told* The Saturday Review *to proceed on its own responsibility. The case has not yet been finally decided. Meanwhile,* The Saturday Review *has continued to publish advertising for the book.*

(*Continued from preceding page*)

who wrote the law, is dismayed to observe its practice as interpreted by the Army. Speaking for himself, he can see no possible harm in the books by Mrs. Bowen and Dr. Beard, nor any justification for their exclusion. For their part, the military officials, after describing the impressive scope of their book activities and while indicating a broad viewpoint of their own toward books, still contend that they are effectively tied down by the law—a law, moreover, carrying criminal penalties. So long as the law remains ambiguous and all-embracing, the Army believes it cannot be blamed for being both severe and safe. The Army also referred to the "intent" of Congress in enacting the law, leaving the inference, purposely or otherwise, that it understands that intent. Yet this view of Congressional intentions Senator Taft specifically disclaims.

If the gap here is one of language—what the law says and what the lawmakers intend—then the case of the rejected books can be settled easily enough. Accordingly, *The Saturday Review* is pleased to be able to state that it has arranged a meeting between Senator Taft and Army officials to be held in New York on July 20. We shall report to our readers on that meeting later.

N. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

PUBLISHER'S ROW was virtually deserted this past week, with everybody rushing off to the shore or mountains for a four-day holiday. Never has there been anything more futile than the campaign to discourage people from taxing the capacity of the railroads. Confronting them was the ludicrous spectacle of over a thousand delegates, plus an untold number of journalists and kibitzers, traveling from every corner of the country to accomplish absolutely nothing at the Republican Convention in Chicago. Compared with that, a little jaunt to Atlantic City or Lake Placid hardly seemed criminal.

The attempt of highly-paid writers to pump a little life into their Chicago stories was pathetic. The convention was dominated by colorless reactionaries, long since repudiated by the people, who were much more interested in squashing Willkie and everything he stood for than in formulating a policy that made some effort to insure a lasting peace. Delegates sensed another humiliating defeat in November, sweltered in the heat, and wandered off in a delirium of boredom. Honest reporters wondered what in hell they had come for. The Republican Party in its present hands has all the glamor and appeal of a remainder sale of 1943 diaries. . . .

WHAT ARE SEVEN MILLION MEN in the armed services thinking about didoes like this Republican fiasco? Or about a Democratic "party" that really broke into irreconcilable elements years ago, and that will presently repeat the preordained deliberations and painfully synthetic enthusiasm of the Republican conclave? What will they have to say about such legislation as the rider to the Soldiers Vote Bill, which clamps censorship on to the reading matter going out to them? The Council on Books in Wartime and other responsible agencies are seeing to it that the facts about this legislation, and the way it was jammed through, are broadcast as widely as possible. The rider makes it a crime, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for any Government agency to distribute books "containing political argument or political propaganda of any kind." The Armed Forces, as a result, cannot distribute such utterly innocuous books as Catherine Bowen's "Yankee from Olympus" or Charles Beard's "The Republic." Under a strict interpretation of the ruling, they really dare not send out the writings of Jefferson or Lincoln. This pernicious rider was proposed by Senator Taft on the floor of the Senate. There was no mention of it whatever in any hearings held prior to that time.

If you abhor censorship, you should register your deep disapproval of this rider to the Soldiers Vote Bill. Officially, it is "Title V" in Public Law 277. In effect, it is an alarming encroachment on the freedom of thought of men fighting this war for the United States. Those men will be heard from themselves when they get home. . . .

MEANWHILE, novels are beginning to appear that give some idea of what men at the front are going through and thinking about. Harry Brown's "A Walk in the Sun" is such a book. Howard Hunt's "Limit of Darkness" is another. Purposely underwritten and detached, these two fine stories contain all the unbearable suspense, callousness, and futility of war itself. To the characters in these books death strikes so often and in so many horrible shapes that the picking off of a close comrade is scarcely cause for the flicking of ash from a cigarette. They talk a different language than we do; they have adjusted themselves to an entirely new and terrible world. They will never be the same when they come home. There are two privates in "A Walk in the Sun" named Rivera and Friedman who strike me as the outstanding fictional characters for the entire year. They will give you a new and, I think, true insight into the mind of the American G.I. in July, 1944.

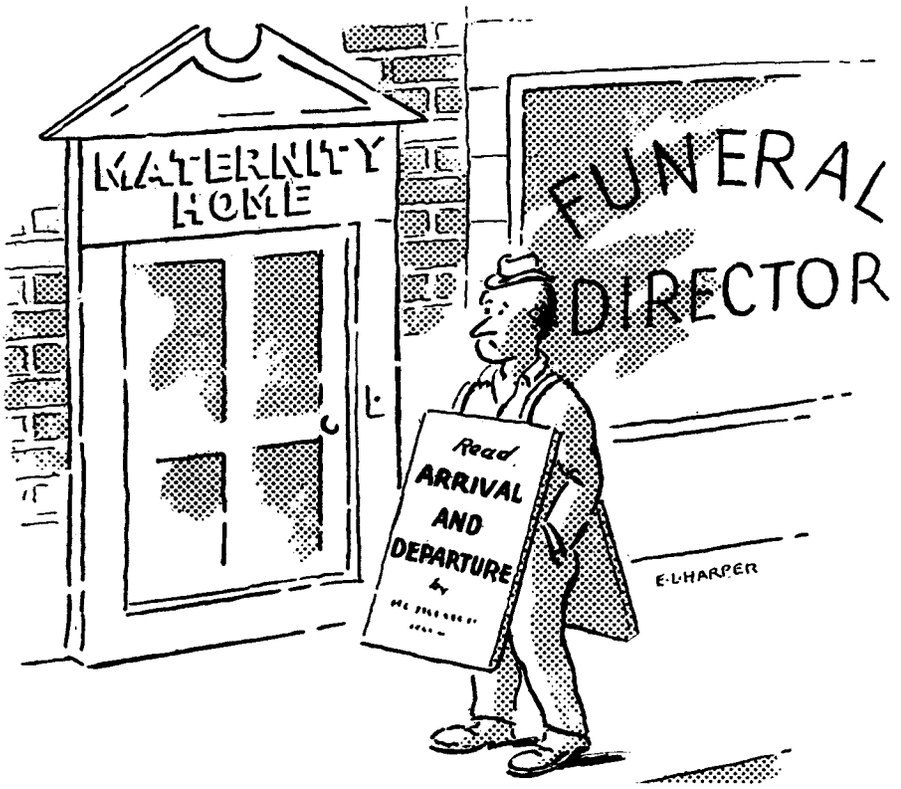
A possible hint as to the way boys like this will act when they come home may be found in Frederic Wakeman's novel, "Shore Leave." This is a story of four very tired, very disillusioned Navy fliers—the kind you see in action in Hunt's "Limit of Darkness"—who come back to San Francisco, and try to find something in civilian life that will remind them of the crazy strain and tempo of their fighting routines. Boys like this will turn our world topsy-turvy. Hack politicians, oblivious to their problems and demands, striving only to recapture an impossible past, will vanish first, and be missed least. . . .

THE FRANTIC EFFORTS of radio commentators and feature writers to inject a note of suspense and excitement into the dismal proceedings at the Chicago stadium brought to mind a World Series ball game some years ago. It was one of the dullest contests on record. The crowd was apathetic. The occupants of the press box sat twiddling their thumbs. The late Graham McNamee, however, reporting the game over the radio, was beside himself with excitement, literally shrieking the details into the microphone. "We're seeing history made here today," said Grantland Rice. "It's the first double header ever played in a World Series." "Whaddya mean?" asked Dan Daniel idly. "Well," said Rice, "you certainly don't believe that this game we're watching and the one McNamee is describing over that mike are the same!" . . . George Dixon says too many people forget that politicians should start at the bottom—and stay there. . . .

THE APPOINTMENT OF J. P. Marquand to the board of judges of the Book of the Month Club rounds out that body for the first time since the death of Heywood Broun. . . . Elizabeth Goudge's new novel, "Green Dolphin Street" (Coward-McCann) is the September selection of the Literary Guild. . . . There won't be a more important book on the entire fall list than Richard Wright's "American Hunger" (Harper). It's the story of his own boyhood, beautifully written, with the impact of a battleship. . . .

NAT WARTELS, head of Crown Publishers, had a closer shave than he bargained for in a local barber shop last week. His manicure girl was very beautiful, and Wartels, keyed up by the big sale of his "A Treasury of American Folklore," suggested dinner and a show that evening. "I don't think I ought to," said the girl demurely. "I'm married." "Ask your husband," suggested Wartels. "I'm sure he wouldn't mind." "Ask him yourself," said the girl. "He's shaving you." . . . Gertrude

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Gordon reports a flavorsome episode at the Carnegie Library in Pittsburgh. A lady said she wanted to pay for a book that she could not return. It was Rex Beach's "Going Some," and she had borrowed it three weeks before. "Wait a while," suggested the librarian. "Even if you keep it another month the charge won't equal the cost of the book." "I'm afraid it's gone for good," sighed the lady. "You see, when Grandpa died, we put the book under his beard to prop up his chin, and forgot to get it out before he was buried." . . .

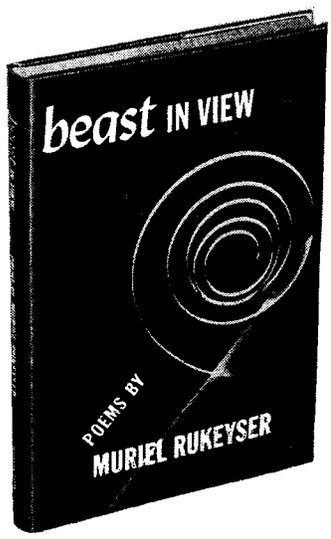
LITERARY COCKTAIL PARTIES hit a new high when Pocket Books staged one in the Rainbow Room, on the 65th floor of the R.C.A. Building. The occasion was the fifth anniversary of the firm and the coincidental publication of its one hundred millionth volume. A golden wallaby, cast in the mold of the Pocket Book trade mark, was presented to President Bob De Graff, and silver replicas will go to the three living authors of Pocket Books that have sold over a million copies: Sergeant Marion Hargrove, Dale Carnegie, and an oaf whose name slips my memory. Noah Webster would rate one, too, if he were alive to collect it. Donald Wallaby Geddes was in charge of the proceedings, and Mrs. Chase of *Vogue,* who was among those present, hinted that Elsa Maxwell had better look to her laurels.... "And Never Yield," a historical novel about the Mormons by Elinor Pryor, published by Macmillan, has been put into play form by Betty Smith. Michael Todd will produce it this fall. . . . Doubleday announces a book of war experiences by Joe E. Brown, the comedian, to be titled "Your Kids and Mine." Another Doubleday publication will be Emily Blanchard's "It's the Altitude," a story of the rich refugees and socialities now camping out in Mexico City. . . .

THE RUSSIAN recapture of Minsk recalls the story of the learned Rabbi of that city who wanted to take a trip to Pinsk. He went over to Schmul's stable, and arranged for Schmul to drive him over in a horse and buggy. The trip proceeded without incident until they came to the first real hill. Half way up, the horse stopped dead, and wouldn't move another step until Schmul got out and walked alongside the buggy to the top of the hill. At the next hill, both Schmul and the Rabbi had to get out in order to reach the summit. Then came the biggest hill of all. First Schmul got out. Then the Rabbi got out. Finally, the exasperated men had to unharness the nag and pull the buggy to the top themselves.

By that time, the gleaming towers of Pinsk were visible in the distance. The remaining miles were covered in due course, and the Rabbi prepared to part company with Schmul.

"Schmul," he said, "that I had to go from Minsk to Pinsk, that was my business. That you had to go—well, I paid you to come with me. But tell me, Schmul: why did you bring the horse?"

BENNETT CERF.



A distinguished book of verse by one of America's outstanding young poets...

MURIEL Rukeyser

This is Muriel Rukeyser's first volume of verse since *A Turning Wind,* and in it is collected the rich and varied works of the past three years. Diverse in form and subject, the poems are distinguished by a rich lyricism, a vast intellectual curiosity, and a deep concern for the issues of our world. In addition to *Ajanta, The Soul and Body of John Brown* and four new *Elegies,* the collection contains many poems never before published.

beast IN VIEW

At your bookseller's $2.00

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Education for Life—or Death

LIEUTENANT BERTRAM. By Bodo Uhse. Translated from the German by Catherine Hutter. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1944. 430 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

WE have come to learn, thoroughly and in all details, from the findings of scientific experts and casual eye-witnesses, that Nazism has succeeded in barbarizing millions of men, a whole army, a very substantial part of the German nation. We know the terrible outer effects of this "education for death." But the internal human developments preceding and accompanying the process of barbarization on an unprecedented scale are still pretty much veiled in darkness. It is here that the novelist comes to our rescue, for it has always been his prerogative as well as his task to supplement the canvas of a time, painted by the historian, the sociologist, the statesman, and the reporter, with a sort of X-ray picture, showing the changes in the nature of man and lightening up the roots beneath the visible surface of human actions and reactions. I am convinced that Bodo Uhse's "Lieutenant Bertram" will rank high among the novels performing this function.

The publishers tell us that, in their opinion, "this is the first novel to draw its background from an inside knowledge of the German air force: the story of a young Nazi flyer and his fellow members of the Luftwaffe, of their life at a North Sea airbase, their training and, finally, their baptism of fire in the Luftwaffe's first test on the fateful battleground of Spain." And a subtitle stresses the fact that this is a "novel of the Luftwaffe"—a subtitle which is missing in the original version and which, in my eyes, represents a misleading limitation. For Mr. Uhse's cast of main figures is only half made up of air force officers whereas the other half are civilians, mostly fighters of the anti-Nazi underground. And the main theme of the novel is not a purely military one; it is rather the analysis of the condition of man under the reign of Nazism.

To deal with this theme, Mr. Uhse seems exceptionally well equipped. As a son of an officer's family, he wanted to choose a military career, but his plans were thwarted by the defeat of 1918. So, as a sort of *ersatz* career, he joined the nationalistic Free Corps and later on the Hitler party. As editor of the party's first daily in Northern Germany, Mr. Uhse had every occasion to become acquainted—and disillusioned—with National Socialism. Defying threats and terror, he left the Nazis and became an active fighter against Nazism. When Hitler sent his officers and men to the support of France, Bodo Uhse volunteered for the International Brigades which went to the support of the Republic.

It is his own experience, his own development which is mirrored in the two main protagonists and "opposing players" of his novel; the reader feels the pulsing of living blood in the story of Lieutenant Bertram, the young, ambitious, naive officer who is caught by the Nazi promise of glory and adventure, and likewise in the story of Hein Sommerwand, the anti-Nazi, who is forced to flee from Germany only to take up the interrupted fight from new positions, first in France, later on in Spain. Nazis, anti-Nazis, and the "quicksand" figures in between are all portrayed with their weaknesses and passions, remaining understandable even when they go down in depravity and crime or lift themselves to the height of heroism.

There are, besides Bertram and Hein Sommerwand, many people in this novel who will remain for a long time in the memory of the reader: Captain Bauriedl, the jovial cutthroat, and Lieutenant Sternecker, who cannot stand losing his soldierly honor and therefore becomes insane; and Georg, the underground leader; and Harteneck, the fanatical Nazi; and Hilde, who became a Gestapo spy out of love for her little son; and Maria, Bertram's unhappy mistress; and Christensen, the pathetic rebel among the fishermen of the Island of Wyst.

In the beginning, Bertram thinks that "life begins only close to death." Towards the end, he is shattered in his dreams, beliefs, and illusions. When we leave him, his plane has been shot down by the Loyalists; he himself is a prisoner, deeply moved and uprooted by the interview with Hein Sommerwand who came to question him. He realizes that there might be some truth in his early thought that in the imminence of death, life would really begin,—but it is another life and another beginning. "He was beginning life with nothing but a question—the WHY? Hein Sommerwand had just given him." But this WHY is the first lesson of a new education: education for thinking, education for life.

The translation of Mr. Uhse's limpid and forceful German by Catherine Hutter is of high quality.

The 12th
Harper
PRIZE NOVEL CONTEST
PRIZE: $10,000
DEADLINE:
June 1, 1945

Manuscripts may be submitted now and at any time up to the closing date of *June 1, 1945*. $10,000 will be awarded the prize novel as selected by the judges, who will be:

IRITA VAN DOREN, literary editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*

J. DONALD ADAMS, for many years editor of the *New York Times Book Review*, now contributing editor.

BETTY SMITH, novelist and playwright, author of *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*

The award of the Harper Prize is always an important event. Three past Harper Prize Novels have also won the Pulitzer Prize: *The Able McLaughlins* (1923), by Margaret Wilson; *Honey in the Horn* (1935), by H. L. Davis; *Journey in the Dark* (1943), by Martin Flavin.

(This contest is *NOT* limited to first novels)

Write for circular giving full details:

The Harper Prize Novel Contest, Harper & Brothers, 49 E. 33rd St., N. Y. 16

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 537)

FRANK O. CALL:

(CANADIAN AUTHOR)

THE FIRST GARDEN

I . . . . . too, have made
A walled-in garden, a small, lovely thing—
Where golden orioles sing their mating song,
And brown moths flutter from the dark fir glade.
O here a wandering dream with broken wing
May find a place to rest and tarry long!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Girlhood in France

LITTLE COQUETTE. By Renée de Fontarce McCormick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1944. 295 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

RENÉE DE FONTARCE states in the foreword of her book: "Simone d'Entremont is a little girl such as once I was. My life was like hers, and it was passed at a time and in circumstances such as I have here described." It is not an ordinary French girlhood which these pages recount. Simone d'Entremont was born in 1899, to one of the great families of France, brought up in an environment so fabulous, a society so incredibly self-indulgent, luxurious, and irresponsible that the story of her young girlhood reads like a decadent fairy tale. The Comte and Comtesse d'Entremont belonged to that class of the wealthy aristocracy of France whose sole concern was pleasure. Life at La Borne Blanche, the chateau where Simone spent her first seven years, and later at the apartment in Paris, was a constant succession of fetes, hunts, hunt breakfasts, great dinners for members of the nobility and the royalty, the races, the annual visits to the spas where Papa went to lose the forty or more pounds he gained every year, visits to relatives and friends of the same class, the "important" people, the well-born whose only arbiters were wealth and class distinction, and whose moral code was so peculiarly naive and hypocritical as to require only that what one did one did elegantly, with, as Maman used to say, "as little scandal as possible."

As was the custom in France, marriages were arranged not by the principal parties concerned, but by the parents, and among the class of people in which little Simone grew up, it always linked great wealth and a great name. Nothing else mattered at all. After the marriage the man might continue to have his mistresses, the woman her lovers, but divorce was a scandal, something of which no well brought up young girl had ever heard.

Simone d'Entremont spent her childhood in a household always filled with guests, at whose doors she shamelessly listened, and whose letters she surreptitiously read. She was the spectator of many little dramas and incomprehensible incidents which Miss Hayes, her English governess, could only counsel her to "try and forget, dear." Papa was short, bald, and amiable; he was a great lover of horses, women, and good manners; he believed that only those who do not know how to live do not sin. Mama was beautiful and distant, a perfumed person who had no interest whatever in her children, once the necessary fact of their birth was accomplished. "What are governesses for?" she used to remark.

The panorama of a society which can hardly exist again is unrolled to us in a swiftly paced and extremely objective manner. There is no humor, but a Gallic frankness of wit and a drollery of situation, a sophistication which finds nothing shocking except bad taste. The story covers the period from 1899 to the outbreak of war in 1914.

This is a book which will fascinate and sometimes repel the reader by its unabashed portrayal of an exquisite and degenerate society; it will enchant him by the delicate flavor of nostalgia which pervades its pages, it will amuse and delight him by the combination of naivete and worldly wisdom with which the little Simone observes and recounts the events which pass before her eyes. The book has been translated from the French by the husband of the author and illustrated by Susanne Suba.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 56

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 56 *will be found in the next issue.*

LM OPABC PDEPFO GL HLEMLIJOJMLGK GLI JBBPIJGOP CHAARPLIPA EGL QP GEEPFOPI.

—HKNCCPC C. SAGLO.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 55

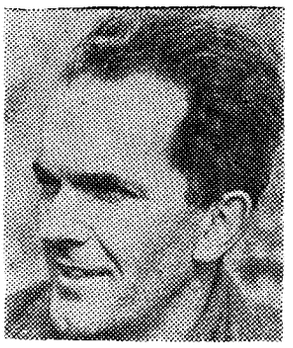
THE BRIGHTEST FLASHES IN THE WORLD OF THOUGHT ARE INCOMPLETE UNTIL THEY HAVE BEEN PROVED TO HAVE THEIR COUNTERPARTS IN THE WORLD OF FACT.

—SCIENTIFIC MATERIALISM.

—JOHN TYNDALL.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Romeo and Juliet." 2. "Julius Caesar." 3. "Macbeth." 4. "Macbeth." 5. "Richard II." 6. "Twelfth Night." 7. "As You Like It." 8. "The Tempest." 9. "A Midsummer Night's Dream." 10. "Hamlet." 11. "As You Like It." 12. "King John." 13. "The Tempest." 14. "Macbeth." 15. "Twelfth Night." 16. "Romeo and Juliet." 17. "Sonnet XXX." 18. "Macbeth." 19. "Hamlet." 20. "Hamlet."



MAN GOES ALONE

a novel by

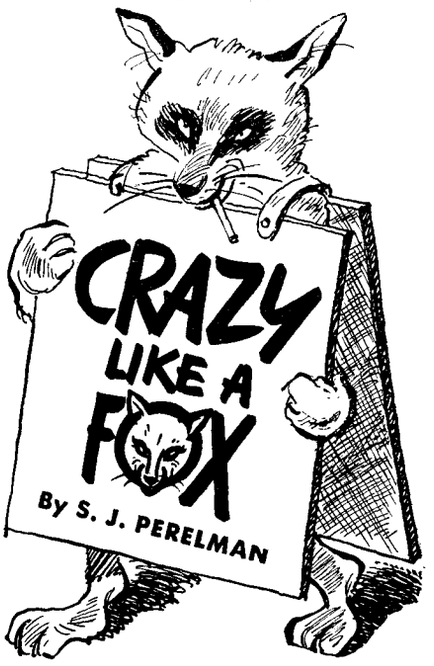
NEIL M. GUNN

"In this beautiful, satisfying story, Neil Gunn has written his Way of All "Flesh."
—Book-of-the-Month Club News

At all bookstores $2.50

GEORGE W. STEWART, Inc.
67 West 44th Street • New York

The best of Perelman in one volume!



BOSTON POST: "Lovers of lunacy will gather gleefully around it."
CHICAGO TRIBUNE: "Guaranteed to give your funny bone a grueling workout."
CHARLES LEE: "Deserves an 'E' for entertainment."
$2.50. A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Phoenix Nest

I THANK Kitty Parsons of Rockport, Massachusetts, for the following, inspired by the "Personals" of *The Saturday Review:*

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

Last night I thought the time was ripe to cultivate my mind,
And eagerly I opened up the *SRL* to find
Some learned treatise on the books that lesser lights should read—
But suddenly, my wayward eye, which often disagreed
With higher education, slipped and in a by-path fell,
Marked *PERSONALS,* for benefit of any infidel.
I traveled down this thrilling street of rarely "cultured" men,
From "thirtyish" and "fortyish," to three score years and ten.
They all were "perfect gentlemen," all handsome and alone,
Whose aching hearts were wearing them, directly to the bone.
Philosophers, psychologists and countless beaux-esprits,
All wait for female sympathy to set their spirits free.
Some specify a Wagner blonde or ravishing coquette,
Some, just a simple country lass or able farmerette.
The ladies, scattered in amongst these manly masterpieces,
Are also out to captivate elusive Golden Fleeces.
One modest soul called "Dreaming Eyes," would hear from "Dauntless Knight,"
While others tempt these mystic males to soar to dizzy height.
Another gifted creature asks some man to share her taste
For "muffins, movies—Beethoven"; while one girl, truly chaste,
Invites "unmarried gentleman" to correspond and swears
Her answers will be guaranteed to dissipate his cares.
One, loving Schubert, ("medium brow"), has come to the decision,
She'd like to write to "brown-eyed man,"—she must have television!
They offer everything they have, and when we read on paper
About these priceless paragons, we cut a mental caper
And meditate on some choice spot where they might congregate
To form a race of supermen who would revivicate
A world grown commonplace and tame for lack of peerless males,
All hiding in the *SRL,* where scholarship prevails.

* * * *

We marvel, sir, so suddenly to find so many men
Who feel an overwhelming urge to seize a fluent pen.
This hidden tribe have surely cast aside their ancient features,
For all the "gentlemen" *I've* known, made *me* write their letters!

Mrs. Hilda McLeod Jacob, Secretary of the Maine State Library at Augusta, Maine, corrects *The Saturday Review* in its mention (*re* Pulitzer Prizes) on May 27 of "Miss Catherine Weston" as the author of "Indigo." "Christine Weston wrote INDIGO, and she is *Mrs.* Robert Weston."

I thank Elsa Gidlow of Fairfax, California, and William H. Riback of St. Louis, Missouri, for pendants to Cowl Rider's article on the limerick, but I have not space just at present to print their favorites. I am grateful to Fred R. Jones for numerous communications with bulletins from The Walt Whitman Society of America. He tells me he believes they have got through to Romain Rolland, "at least my Swiss newspaperman-friend assures us that he has been able to send notes to Rolland, although they have been censored before going out of the hotel where he is interned. . . . Rolland is nearing eighty and his ordeal in two world wars is something to elicit help or at least cheering messages from his admirers. The officers of the society will continue to send whatever assurances of sympathy are feasible." The executive offices of the society are at 377 Anchor Avenue, Oceanside, L. I., N. Y.

A number of people have hastened to tell Florence M. Hitchcock of Philadelphia where she can find the poem she asked for. Anne Hume, Chief Librarian of the Windsor Public Library of Windsor, Ontario, says "Easily to the old opens the hard ground" is the opening line (no pun intended) of "Exit" by the well-known Canadian poet, Wilson Macdonald, and may be found on page 19 of "Out of the Wilderness," published by Scribner's in 1926. Mrs. Austin Bothwell, Librarian of the Legislative Library, Regina, Saskatchewan, says the same (inclosing copy of poem); "Anon" of Ottawa adds that Mr. MacDonald's book was published in Ottawa in 1926 by the Graphic Publishers, and incloses copy of poem; Helen P. Siefverberg of Pacific Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J., says that the poem may also be found on page 1145 of "The Viking Book of Poetry of the English Speaking World."

Edith Warner Johnson of Gladwyne, Pa., sends us these verses from a mother who knows!

RUMINATIONS IN A BOY'S BEDROOM

EDITH WARNER JOHNSON

I do not think this is a room for sleeping
But just another habitat for keeping
The knobby harvest of a boy's adaptions
With weird appliances of strange contraptions.

The pencil corded in electric wire
Will surely set the victim's words afire;
The farmer's hat ensnared in five mouse traps
Need only mice to nibble up the scraps.

Some new experiment lies within a jar
Where fatted dog ticks used to roaming far
Are now reduced to taking in air only—
(Survival of the fittest must be lonely).

And numerous are the clippings "Sent me free,"
This liquid wax or glue he longs to see;
Sears Roebuck catalogues piled ever higher
Are dictionaries of his soul's desire.

Or here his eye has seen how bicycle clips
Can neatly hold erasers in their grips;
I cannot believe his mind can be as muddy
As nibbled pencils, emblems of his study.

The garters, rubber bands, adhesive tape,
Have lent themselves to almost any shape,
While wandering hammers and the apt screw drivers
Are from the tool chest now the sole survivors.

J. M. Hilt of Springfield, N. Y., writes—and please someone help me about the latest CEA Chapbook, I'm at a loss—

> I didn't give you all the information you needed the first time but I *think* I have it at last.
>
> Please tell me in the Nest where I can get the latest CEA or CETA Chap Book.
>
> Incidentally, I'm still not convinced that the "boys" in Washington ought to be taking a vacation. I doubt if Mr. Cousins is either.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

WHY THE UNIVERSE?

By Percy A. Campbell

In this book, the proposition of Descartes that "space is substance" is reaffirmed, reconceived, and restated in enhanced form; viz, "space is the substance of the universe." To space itself is given the role of luminiferous medium (in place of the impossible "ether"). To it is given the full cosmopoietic role, the role of cosmos-maker. All that space "contains"—matter, electricity, radiation, cosmic rays, living organisms, thinking man—all this is rendered back to it in full, as its own set of manifestations, self-existing, self-acting, self-evolving space is, upon every cosmic count, the "substance of the universe." $2.50

George Fields, Bookseller & Publisher
1419 Polk St., San Francisco 9, Calif.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOSTON IS AFRAID OF BOOKS

(*Continued from page 7*)

ming up to the jury, said, "The theme of the book is immaterial, the object of the author in writing the book is immaterial, any lesson intended by the book is immaterial as far as you are concerned." An attempt was made in that year to change in the statute the words "containing obscene language" to "which considered as a whole is obscene." The Watch and Ward arranged a compromise to the present wording, "which is obscene," but this is no compromise whatsoever, for legal precedent has been used to indicate that one word constitutes obscenity, and the volume in question is still not considered as a whole.

"STRANGE FRUIT" was suppressed in March. The fact that Elliot Paul's "The Last Time I Saw Paris" had been absent from Boston bookstores since last summer has received almost no attention. The latter was a simple case of suggestion from Fuller that the book should not be sold; the former situation is more complicated. The statement first appeared in the papers that "Strange Fruit" had been officially banned by Sullivan, now Police Superintendent. He denied this forthright, stating merely that "certain passages" had been called to his attention. Again it seems to be the work of Fuller and the booksellers themselves, perhaps acting on Sullivan's suggestion.

During the lower court trial of Abraham Isenstadt, bookseller, and Bernard DeVoto, purchaser, in a test case of the legality of the "Strange Fruit" ban, the opinions of the police concerning the book were carefully obtained but DeVoto was allowed to express none on the excuse that "literary" opinions were of no value to the court. The judge found the book definitely to be obscene and fined Isenstadt for selling it. Then this judge, one Arthur P. Stone, had the effrontery to condemn the straightforward and above-board method Isenstadt and DeVoto had used in obtaining a test case. He is the same judge that, in the lower court trial of the Dunster House case, had praised the Watch and Ward for its back-alley methods. The Isenstadt case is now being appealed.

During the "American Tragedy" case in 1929 it was pointed out that the very character of the defendants in the case would be enough to insure the loss of the case in Boston. Clarence Darrow, the defending lawyer, for instance, was a professed agnostic and his assistant an atheist. There is an element of that in the present case. DeVoto's share in "The Literary Fallacy" controversy was of no help to him in gaining Boston public opinion; the public seemed to miss the fact that the very books concerning which he wrote in "The Literary Fallacy" were all censored in Boston during the 1920's. He sees in the suppression of a book an even greater danger than he sees in the possibly mistaken position that book may express. Isenstadt, unfortunately, went into bankruptcy shortly after the appeal was filed, a bankruptcy hastened by his participation in the case. This, too, gives the Boston public a point at which to rationalize their torpid refusal to back him.

Bostonians are full of excuses for inactivity in regard to literary suppression. Perhaps one of the favorite excuses is that the Catholics are responsible for the bannings, that they control the city and there is nothing anyone can do about it. The major premise is simply untrue. The Watch and Ward was and is a Protestant organization. The Reverend Dr. Sterling was an Episcopal minister. The Fuller organization is predominately Protestant. The Catholics have been active enough in the suppression of plays and public meetings, especially when the latter have dealt with birth control, but the suppression of literature has been almost completely Protestant.

Naturally the only solution lies in a change of the law, and probably the only way to bring this about is to get the booksellers, the very censors themselves, anxious to change it. It could be done with a little economic pressure. Bostonians are already in the habit of sending to New York for suppressed books; if a sufficient number of them could be induced to send away for all book purchases the booksellers would soon put a stop to suppressions.

Already the disease has spread and the fight now is to prevent the Post Office from transforming the whole of our country into a shabby Boston. In that town all is quiet on the literary front. Isenstadt is reopening his store and awaiting his appeal. There is no telling what the booksellers will next remove from their shelves. The old Watch and Ward is inert but hardly dead. In their last annual report Literature is to be found listed between Brothels and Burlesque.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

GENTLEMAN, 50, single, excellent personality, references. Employed by large firm. Interests nature, photography, philosophy, metaphysics. Desire country or travel opportunity. Ambition creative writing. Box 786-J.

BEE AND THISTLE INN, Old Lyme, Conn. Ideal for vacation—charming inn, finest food. Trains to Saybrook. Tel. 388. Write for folder.

"OH WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US"—Get a caricature, of yourself or friends, 8" by 11", framed. Drawn by a well known American artist. Postpaid anywhere in U. S. for $5.00. Send a photograph, list of characteristics, hobbies and any other revealing information. MacDougal Studio, 127 MacDougal Street, New York 12, N. Y.

ATTRACTIVE VERMONT HOME. Century charm. Quiet. Good food. Tray breakfasts. Reasonable. Hood House, Chelsea, Vermont.

YOUNG LADY, varied interests, invites correspondents. Box 787-J.

LONG LETTERS in small penmanship appreciated by bookworm. Box 807-J.

HISTORICAL ASSISTANT, preferably woman Ph.D., desired for large work late eighteenth century United States; salary $200 month. Send professional references. Box 808-J.

CARETAKER—University professor, taking year leave for writing, seeks simple home for five. Atlantic states preferred. Box 790-J.

SEMI-PRO actor wants thought on theatre, acting, drama. Box 791-J.

YOUNG MAN, twentyish, seeks correspondence with another sincere, intelligent, and probably somewhat perplexed young man who has discerning tastes in literature and music. Box 792-J.

WOULD you care to discuss communal colonies for intellectuals, writers and artists? Write Box 793-J.

PROFESSIONAL country gentleman would like correspondence with women. Box 794-J.

INTELLIGENT, lonesome young man wishes to correspond with young lady. Box 795-J.

WILL take care of your New York City personal or business matters. Box 796-J.

WHO can accommodate helpful, feminine, paying weekend guest at small country place, environs New York City? Box 797-J.

TALL, comely, intelligent, traveled woman, irked by psychological restrictions of middle age, would correspond with calm, worldly-wise gentleman of culture and catholic tastes. Box 798-J.

COLONIAL SUMMER HOME—$3,000. View, 7 rooms, bath, fireplaces, half acre. Schoonmaker, Middlefield, Mass.

THERE is no doubt that letters from an attractive man give a lady's life a tremendous lift. A pretty New Englander would be happy to answer a few. Box 799-J.

UNASCETIC YOUNG NEW YORKER implores data. Where can he frolic among young, lifelike vacationists? **Box 800-J.**

(*Continued on page 22*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(*Continued from page* 21)

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut. Delightful, informal New England rooms, cottages.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed; any matter, person, problem; anywhere. International facilities. Established 1922. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

YOUR HANDWRITING discloses the real "You." Send sample and $1.00. Box 513-J.

"MERRIEBROOK," Poughquag, New York. Delightful, peaceful homestead. Tempting meals, inexpensive. North Clove 2583.

THE MOORS, Vinalhaven, Maine. A Pension near the sea for those who want informal tranquillity. Weekly rates, $35.

THE TAVERN, Grafton, Vermont—quiet living in an old-time New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. No sports or activities other than those offered by village life. Food and bed guaranteed excellent. Rates from $27 per week. American plan. Kingsley A. Perry, Proprietor.

MIDDLEAGED widow wishes to correspond with refined gentleman. Box 788-J.

BACHELOR will share cool, comfortably furnished Westchester (N.Y.) apartment; all conveniences, 35 minutes from Grand Central. Ideal for traveler. Box 815-J.

PICARESQUE by Richardson Savelle. Action! Suspense! Drama! 80,000 words; 50,000 describing, without repetition, a woman. $35.00, 12 cents by page. Box 43-J.

YOUNG AMAZON craves greater knowledge. At work on serious literary project, socio-economic, art background. Desires correspondence with good-natured philosopher, scholar. Box 801-J.

THE ISLAND PRESS, first author's cooperative in America, is looking for young writers who wish to learn and practise the business side of literature. Requirements: Good educational background, enthusiasm for books, typing and shorthand. Please write for appointment, mentioning expected salary for full time or half time work. ISLAND PRESS, 470 W. 24th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN—Personality, athletic. Wants job. Physiotherapy, Salons, Editorial, Advertising, Companion. Box 802-J.

NOXIOUS NOBODY craves correspond sumptuous somebody. Box 803-J.

MAN, personable, 44, varied experience in finance, industry and business, wants permanent job. Accustomed to responsibility. Go anywhere. Box 804-J.

DERRYDALE PRESS: Silver Horn. Beautiful condition. Small crest bookplate. Make best offer. Box 805-J.

TEXAS Municipal Bonds, small towns, exempt Federal income taxes. Yield 2% to 4%. Childs, Jeffries & Thorndike, Inc., 50 Broadway, New York 4.

ESTABLISHED LITERARY AGENCY has interesting proposal for agent who needs space and office facilities—no investment required. Box 806-J.

ONE-ACT PLAYWRIGHTS' GROUP forming. Every Wednesday night at 8:00. Genius Club, 111 W. 45th St., N. Y. C. Selected original scripts produced.

GRADUATE LIBRARIAN, now employed clerical capacity, N. Y. State hospital, wishes library work in similar institution. Willing assist recreational director or social worker. Box 814-J.

GENTLEMAN, receptive and responsive to stimulating contacts, will exchange correspondence dealing with provocative ideas and interesting activities. Box 811-J.

THIRTYISH, fortyish males wanted to write interestingly to alert, attractive young woman, capable of adequate response to congenial, intellectual stimulus. Box 809-J.

BACHELOR, fortyish, personable, intellectual but not bookish, substantial but far from bourgeois, would hear from unshallow, articulate, emancipated, slightly young lady. Box 810-J.

PERSONALS

YOUNG WOMAN, master's degree in English, wishes teaching, editing, or research position. Experience. Box 812-J.

CULTURED Southern woman in her forties, who neither smokes nor drinks, and who enjoys good literature and music, seeks correspondence with members of either sex of similar tastes. Box 813-J.

PATRON wanted for gift or loan to complete serious play. Brilliant young playwright. References. Box 773-J.

IF YOU LOVE GOOD BOOKS, and good music; if you like to live in charming country home, 40 miles from New York; if you can tolerate bad jokes but can laugh anyway; and if you are willing to accept a fair salary for making yourself useful around a house, then call BR. 9-4275. N.Y.C.

SCIENTIST wants part-time services of housekeeper, cook, and typist. Westchester (N.Y.) Box 816-J.

IS THERE a children's librarian who would like to live and work in pleasant suburb of 68,000 with attractions of large city near by? Good salary for right person. Must have professional training and experience. Box 817-J.

WANTED: May 16, Sept. 19, 1942; and Oct. 30, 1943, issues of SRL. Will pay 25c plus postage for first two issues; 15c plus postage for other issue. Write Personal Dept., SRL.

DICTAPHONE OUTFIT practically given away, including shaver, transcriber, cylinders. Country-bound author without electricity will accept $125. Inspection midtown N. Y. Box 818-J.

WRITER, New York, experienced handling biographical material, to collaborate anonymously on book, part-time basis. Box 819-J.

WANTED: Small dog boarder. Country home, fenced in yard, meat, milk, eggs, and love guaranteed. Ruth Farr, Lebanon, N. H.

WIDOW, Latin, desires to correspond with gentleman, sixtyish, who has some knowledge of tailoring. Box 821-J.

SAN FRANCISCO COUPLE desires quiet apartment or cottage, in or near San Francisco. Would like also to hear from other SRL readers in California. WEST 1959, Box 822-J.

BACHELOR, 30, will share particularly attractive midtown apartment (N.Y.C.). Piano, terrace. Box 823-J.

BUSINESS WOMAN, Midwest, single, extremely occupied with job, would like to exchange letters with man, fiftyish, sixtyish, New England preferred, who has sense of humor, mellow-minded, and interested in fine art of living. Correspondence friendship not romantics object. Box 824-J.

WANTED: Competent cook-houseworker who loves the country. Our family is small (no children); the house is small. No serving, no laundry. Kindly treatment, generous time off, $125 per month. We're in the Berkshires, eight miles from Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Box 825-J.

COMPANIONSHIP IMPERATIVE! Widow, writer, active, fifties, personality (University Wisconsin, Yale Drama), wants share country home (and expense) of woman similar tastes. Prefers Westchester, Connecticut. Good driver; neat, ethical, loves cats, dogs. Understands healthful, vegetarian living. Highest references exchanged. Box 826-J.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

FRENCH BOOKS

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues, 20c.

CLASSIFIED

LANGUAGES

PORTUGUESE. Also Spanish and 30 other languages. Booklet SR. BRAZILIAN BOOKS, 18 East 41st, New York, N. Y.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS in or out of print. IF IT'S A BOOK WE MAY HAVE IT. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St., OLDEST OLD BOOK SHOP IN NEW YORK.

BOOKS

BOOKS by and about Walt Whitman. First editions, good books, fine prints. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., New York.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Address "Bookplates," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

LITERARY SERVICES

LITERARY AGENT FOR 24 YEARS—We sell books, short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our resultful service. ANITA DIAMANT, WRITERS WORKSHOP, 280 Madison at 40 St., New York.

REVIEWS, ESSAYS, CLUB PAPERS, SPECIAL TREATISES, to requirements. Education, literary, economic, historical, investigations. Extensive experience. Charges reasonable. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

RESEARCH: CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, National Archives, Government Bureaus, etc. Odd jobs, simple questions, complex investigations, genealogy, expertly handled. JOHN CREHORE, Box 2329-R, Washington 13, D. C.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

POETRY: Instruction, Correction. No triflers. Anton Romatka, 25 W. 3rd Street, New York 12.

MANUSCRIPTS intelligently typed, superior workmanship. Jene Stern, 347 Madison Avenue, New York. MU 4-0087.

DOROTHY MACKENZIE, Literary Agent, successor to Mathilde Weil. Manuscripts criticized and marketed. Send for circular. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

LITERARY ASSISTANCE. Criticism, editing, revision, research. Articles, stories, books, theses. Long experience. MARY DOUGLAS, 430 West 119th Street, New York 27.

ORIGINAL SERMONS, SPEECHES, LECTURES, THESES, prepared—also printed sermons, addresses. Criticism, rewriting, ghostwriting of book-length manuscripts, short stories. Fiction Courses. Free circulars. CONTINENTAL WRITERS' AND SPEAKERS' BUREAU, 210 Fifth Avenue, Dept. SR, New York.

TYPING WANTED. Desire typing to do at home. Radio scripts, plays, books, manuscripts, theses; legal documents, specifications, letters. RA. 8-1488, N.Y.C.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, reasonable, accurate, prompt. Aimee Porter, 1150 Partridge Ave., Beloit, Wis.

BOOK PUBLISHER, interested in full-length fiction, non-fiction manuscripts for 1945 publication. Not interested in technical books. Dept. S, House of Field-Doubleday, Inc. 505-5th Ave., N.Y.C.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED. Reasonable, accurate, prompt. B. E. Whitney, 7222-C-Aldebrook Rd., Upper Darby, Penna.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

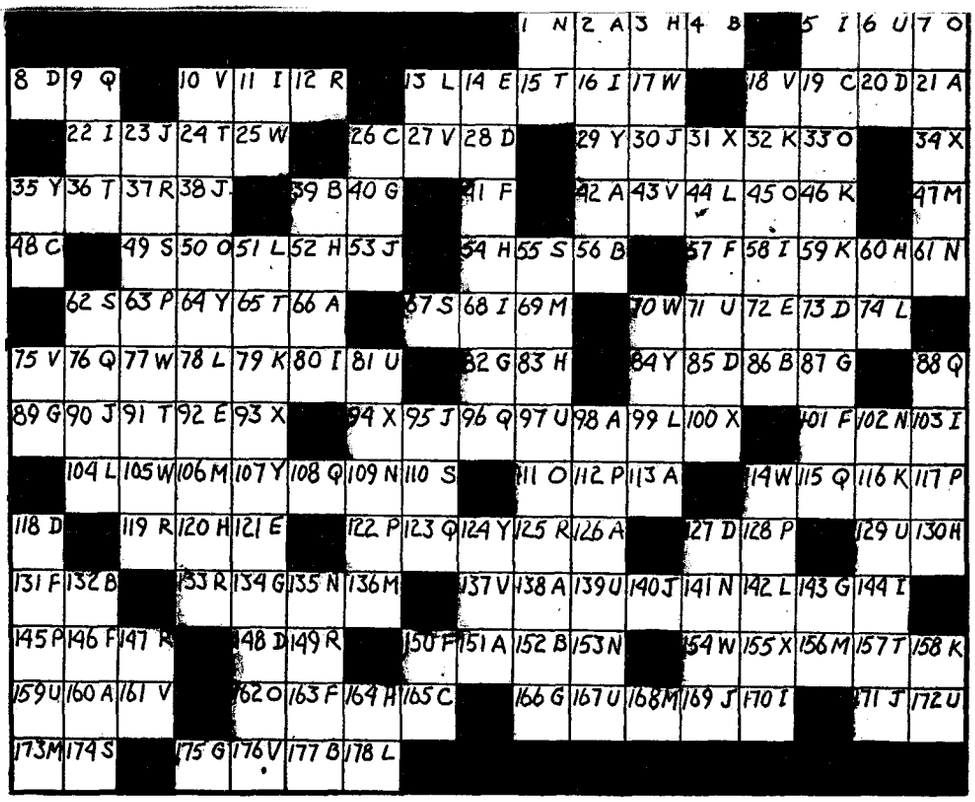
The Crostics Club

AS I understand Wallace Davis's suggestion, he wants the answers to the DCs printed upside-down, so that if he has fallen behind in the solution of the DC in the previous issue, he'll be spared seeing the answer in the current issue. I did not, apparently, state his point of view clearly; for with the one exception of Ruth Martin, Glen Ridge, N. J., including names already mentioned, Jean W. Turnbull, Norfolk, Conn., Carl Czermak, West Orange, N. J., and Mrs. Bertha Borden, New York City, all speak of the temptation to "peek." How can peeking enter the question? Further, since the page on which the answer to the previous DC is always noted in the little box beside the DC of the current issue one might suggest that you omit that page until you have done the DC of the previous week, but for the fact that the page may contain the continuation of an article in which you are interested. I can't see how printing the answer upside-down is going to interfere at all, and personally I should like to experiment with Mr. Davis's suggestion. It may help others who have not thus far been articulate on the subject.

The latest member, and perhaps the youngest, of the Armed Forces to be heard from is "an anonymous ex-college student and confirmed admirer of DCs, Keats and Emily Dickinson," stationed at present in Florida. (We *are* flattered to be considered in the same pen-stroke as Keats and E. D.!) What pleases me greatly in his youthfully exuberant letter is the following: "No. 532 led me to a find. The word Ethelfleda brought me to an excellent five-volume History of England in the Red Cross Building library here. So now I am following quite fanatically the three hundred year struggle of the Britons against the Angles and Saxons and loving every page of it." An argument, is it not, for supplying the Forces with good books?

Talking of English history, I'm still lingering over Mattingly's "Catherine of Aragon" and I certainly do recommend it to you who enjoy picturesque, painstaking historical studies of a breathtaking period in a style that may be classed as literature.

It occurs to me that we are indebted to military men for the letter-index we use in the boxes of the DCs. The first book had none, and so one had to glance down all the words to find the word in which the particular quotation number resided. If I recall aright after these nine years, a retired rear-admiral of Philadelphia and a captain in a Colorado hospital, at the same time, each without acquaintance with the other, suggested such an index. Series 2 contained it, but the *SRL* was hesitant about adopting it for some time. E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 538

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. The flicker (local U. S.)

B. Members of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary founded at Caen, France, 1643.

C. Having a true lustre when uncut—of precious stones.

D. A genus of anomuran crab in polar waters.

E. The taro or its roots.

F. A kind of double veil worn by Mohammedan women when not in their private apartments.

G. Give or take—used by persons drinking together (3 wds.)

H. Americans born in America before the Declaration of Independence.

I. Civil War series of fights between the Confederate and the Federal Armies (May 5, 6, 1864).

J. In a stated manner (3 wds.)

K. Playing cards of cheap grade with King Henry VIII. on the wrapper.

L. To excel; drive away.

M. A circle; plumpness.

N. Goddess of peace and fertility (Teut. Myth.)

O. Swift; darting; piercing.

P. Unless; only; just (now dial.)

Q. To waste or fall away.

R. To form a rope by twisting strands together clockwise (comp.)

S. Right of a belligerent to take over neutral ships in case of necessity.

T. A kingdom of North Africa destroyed by Belisareus.

U. Scholarship.

V. Shakespeare's Stratford residence from 1598 to 1616.

W. Valiant—used with a hint of burlesque.

X. The bases for a comedy by Shakespeare—in title.

Y. American author, actress, educatress born in England (1762-1824).

WORDS

2	98	42	126	21	151	138	113	66	160
132	152	56	39	4	86	177			
165	26	19	48						
8	85	20	118	148	28	73	127		
92	121	72	14						
150	41	146	163	57	101	131			
87	134	166	82	143	40	89	175		
54	120	52	164	83	130	60	3		
5	58	11	103	80	16	68	144	170	22
30	53	95	171	140	90	169	38	23	
79	116	32	59	46	158				
44	51	78	104	13	74	142	99	178	
136	47	173	69	106	168	156			
102	109	153	1	61	135	141			
111	7	45	50	162	33				
112	128	63	122	145	117				
108	88	123	96	9	76	115			
12	147	149	125	37	119	133			
67	55	174	62	110	49				
65	15	24	91	157	36				
139	97	159	81	167	129	172	6	71	
27	161	18	137	43	10	75	176		
114	77	70	25	105	154	17			
100	34	155	31	93	94				
124	64	84	29	35	107				

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MOST WARMLY HUMAN STORY . . . THE MIGHTIEST PANORAMA OF THRILLS EVER FILMED!

Five women in love! Intrigue in Washington! Flaming passions at Versailles! Famous stars . . . 12,000 players . . . surging through 200 sets . . . echoing with 87 beloved songs!

Darryl F. Zanuck's

WILSON

in TECHNICOLOR!

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

with

ALEXANDER KNOX • CHARLES COBURN
GERALDINE FITZGERALD • THOMAS MITCHELL
RUTH NELSON • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
VINCENT PRICE • WILLIAM EYTHE • MARY ANDERSON
AND A HUGE CAST OF 12,000

Directed by HENRY KING

Written for the Screen by LAMAR TROTTI

THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENT IN 50 YEARS OF MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED